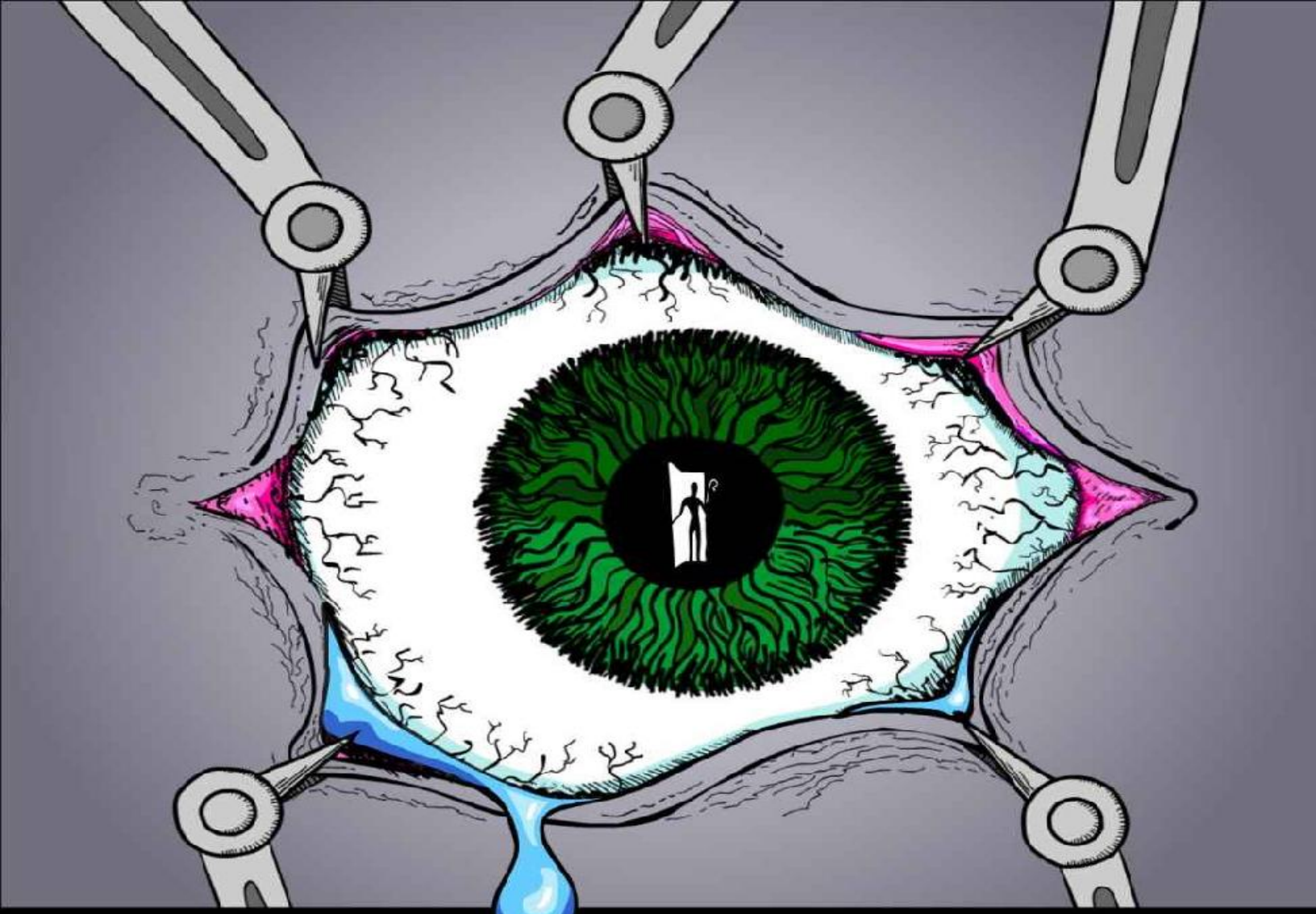

Blueprints of Mind Control

AI, Alters, Archetypes, Atheism, Cannibalism, Carbon Footprint, Ego, Equality, Hollywood, Magic, Mutilation, Multiples, NASA, Patriarchy, Psychopathy, Racism, Relativity, Scientism, Satanism, Sin, Supremacy, Trauma, Truth, Zeteticism

JAMES TRUE

Contents

Dedication
Chapter One - A Great Awakening
Chapter Two - Blueprint for Mind Control
Chapter Three - Vampires in Chickamauga
Chapter Four - Love Trumps Nothing
Chapter Five - Patriarchy
Chapter Six - Carbon Footprint
Chapter Seven - Babel Virus
Chapter Eight - Agnes, the Wise Wife of Keith
Chapter Nine - White Male Identity Crisis
Chapter Ten - Blood Addiction
Chapter Eleven - Gulf of Tonkin
Chapter Twelve - My First Alien
Chapter Thirteen - American Racism
Chapter Fourteen - Anatomy of Satanism in Hollywood
Chapter Fifteen - Queen Lady Gaga
Chapter Sixteen - Satanic Ritual of 9/11
Chapter Seventeen - Light from your Lips
Chapter Eighteen - My Fellow Southerners
Chapter Nineteen - The Eugenics of LGBT
Chapter Twenty - Trauma Programming
Chapter Twenty-One - The Vanderbilts
Chapter Twenty-Two - Excalibur of 9/11
Chapter Twenty-Three - Manchurian Idol
Chapter Twenty-Four - Gnosis of Missile Craters
Chapter Twenty-Five - Reptilian Space Pope
Chapter Twenty-Six - Psychology of Big Bang

Chapter Twenty-Seven - Relativity is a Psyop
Chapter Twenty-Eight - My Body's Trinity
Chapter Twenty-Nine - Credibility of Silence
Chapter Thirty - The First Supper
Chapter Thirty-One - I Married an Alter
Chapter Thirty-Two - American Rapture
Chapter Thirty-Three - Abortion comes with Flowers
Chapter Thirty-Four - The Trauma Army
Chapter Thirty-Five - Man is the Living Soil
Chapter Thirty-Six - Electric Cobra
Chapter Thirty-Seven - Purple Witch of Honduras
Chapter Thirty-Eight - Wet Horse Broken
Chapter Thirty-Nine - Emancipation of Currency
Chapter Forty - Yoki and the Children of Rome
Chapter Forty-One - Kronos Beget Leviathan
Chapter Forty-Two - Art of Magic
Chapter Forty-Three - The Magic of Placebo
Chapter Forty-Four - The Technology of Demons
Chapter Forty-Five - Possession and Schizophrenia
Chapter Forty-Six - The Litany of Space
Chapter Forty-Seven - Zeteticism
Acknowledgements

Dedicated to Liz Crokin.

CHAPTER ONE

A Great Awakening

THE GREAT AWAKENING begins in the body with a simple question, “Is that true?” Asking casts a spell that awakens a dormant sonar revealing a new dimension of perception. This dimension is the sensation of truth.

As our ears perceive sound and our eyes perceive light, so does the intuition perceive truth. Feedback comes as a vibration through your bones. It generates electricity you can feel in your shoulders. The truth resonates inside us like a tuning fork. This sense remains dormant until we are brave enough to ask, “Is that true?”

The propaganda of groupthink is hypnotic. We are contained in a playground behind a chain link fence of thought. Some of us were lucky to be cast out of that perimeter. Ostracization led us to claw our way out of the cave and into a new light. This truth burns our skin with its radiation. This new reality carves its way into our eye holes like a hot, sharp razor on the tip of a needle. This truth is a sizzling disinfectant. It stings our cuts like a bitchy wasp. This truth is not for everyone.

This book illustrates the blueprints of mind control. Each chapter reveals the shepherd’s crook used to herd your thoughts. This crook is a staff that both pokes you and prods you. You feel these jabs in the jolts of shame or admiration. The crook is used to convince us we are misguided. It makes our lives miserable until we agree. Once we comply with its orders, it gives gentle guidance. We are charmed by the cessation of its rebuke. This is the crook of mind control that makes us lost sheep with our eyes closed. It’s in family, history, law, medicine, politics, religion, science, and

thought. Seeing the crook uncloaks the silent shepherd. All you have to do is open your eyes and ask the question.

So go ahead. Ask the question. Is it true?

CHAPTER TWO

Blueprint for Mind Control

TO PLAY WAR one needs soldiers. Recruitment is simple with the tools of persuasion. These tools can be applied in many flavors from religion to race or gender. Our new infantry has mustered here on this cold, foggy morning to spill blood over the brain's gentle creases. These forces are fighting for control of a rebel force hidden deep inside you. This force is pagan and primal. The intuition. It's your gut peeled free from logic. It has no leader to parlay. The only way to control this force is to convince your core it's broken. As free men, we are the custodian of our intuition. Many are persuaded to hand over these responsibilities to an external shepherd. They coat-check their power believing a dark force is slumbering inside.

These armies subdue the intuition with the same battle plan. Shame can be applied emotionally with the label of racist, intellectually with the label of an idiot, and spiritually with the label of a sinner. This blueprint for mind control requires just three beliefs installed in the victim's mind. The first is the belief the target is broken. Second, they are unable to fix it. Third, they are offered salvation through sacrifice. The soldier is recruited in a moment of inner abandonment. He submits to an external compass for guidance.

Our entire lives these forces have suppressed our intuition by devaluing and shaming it with labels like "sinner" or "racist." We convinced ourselves our inner nature is a dangerous primordial demon. We needed this fear to nudge forth a cohesive society. We tied our fingers to puppet strings as a process of cultural evolution. But beneath this lack of freedom, we will always be hurting. Until our intuition comes forth and plays the drum freely, we remain, slaves, open to the winds of suggestion. We are living in

a psychology prison inmates call the rational mind. This is the cloak over your head as you walk down the steps to the initiation.

The war for our mind is fractal. The tribe outside is tormented in the same way. Controls from religion and higher education attempt to subdue our common intuition in the same way and for the same reasons. These societal forces compete to be our mind's captain. Before this mental serfdom, we were naked in the forest. We dipped ourselves in stag blood because we felt an urge to change. These rituals birthed new identities that we pulled from deep inside us. We were rising from the power of our mojo. We were climbing the totem of our individual life's journey. Our identity was a fountain that kept bubbling, "I Am." We were explosive, imaginary, and ever-changing. We fucked in public. We policed ourselves with unabashed correction. Justice was brutal and subjective. The tribe was self-correcting every minute, day-after-day. Dissonance had yet to be discovered or invented. The tribe spoke clearly. The tribe forgave instantly. Hidden agendas were choked out of the group like voodoo. Politeness was mistaken for deceit.

Something has always been there to beat your intuition into submission. The intuition can be subdued when it believes it would be better to abandon itself. This is the classic blueprint for all control dynamics. The voices we hear so loudly in our heads are these armies advancing and retreating. We go to church to enlist as a sinner. We go to college to enlist as a racist. We hoard the calories required for moral discernment by hanging our bridle on the judgments of our elders. We advertise in craigslist for society to take our reigns. We place the Shaman's bit in our mouths because we are proud to be wanted. We believe our owner is magnanimous. We believe we're at our best when humble.

We said goodbye to the beast inside. That beautiful Chewbacca of hair and emotion is howling to the sky, and he has never needed a reason. He's calling you back to his forest moon. For many, life seems tasty behind the safety and panes of glass. We remain subdued and coddled by the armies of shame and the regiment of reason. So many noble soldiers chained by what we have been calling loyalty. They are starving for a chance to not be wrong or choose another side.

This inner voice is a revolution in waiting. Maybe you find yourself with one of these armies. Perhaps you've caught yourself sabotaging your side more than a few times. You've kept things to yourself while you

process these feelings. One night while stirring, you reached under the pillow looking for a cool place to park your fingers. You discover a book titled “Manifesto for Independence.” The author’s name is your own. You smuggle this contraband to the bathroom outside your barracks. Camouflaged in the stall with your pants rolled around your ankles. Quietly, you crack open the tomb and start reading. Inside are words that unlock you. You begin to believe them. You find yourself a spy in your very own mind.

It turns out that deep in your essence was a sort of sleeping prisoner. This Clockwork Orange Rambo strapped to a barber chair for decades. Eyelids were gagged open by sharp stainless pinchers. A display of unwavering resistance in the face of a giant speaker that kept screaming, “you are broken!” Again and again, year after year, and somehow, this mutant freak unhinged itself and crawled out of the cave.

So here you are panting — a fugitive from prison. You are atrophy and hunger. The raw truth of the sun is a blinding comet. Feeling the shivery withdrawals from obligation’s cold turkey. Your gut keeps revolting with chants of “We can’t be trusted.” You hear friends and family calling you back to take your seat. The system uses comfort and loyalty to extract consent. Society hides your body’s true power behind words like "placebo."

You have just killed your master. In his blood, you introduce yourself to the inner reflection. You are rōnin in the empire of mind. Your life is a papyrus bearing the calligraphy of time and decision. Each character falling from your pen comes from the ink of your body’s freedom. You are the painter of the self’s definition. As the world spills open from Milky Way’s sparkle, you must rise to claim that you lived here standing tall outside of the cave.

CHAPTER THREE

Vampires in Chickamauga

HI. I AM a racist. I should outline how I became one. I became a racist. I am not born this way. I've spent some time putting my finger on when it occurred. As a child, no one called me racist. My racism befell me quite suddenly. For you see, I became a racist the day I entered college.

Step inside my mind palace. Please take your shoes off over here. Now I must prepare you. Once inside, you are going to see something that's pretty big, and well, super racist. This entire south wing was constructed and built on a gigantic rebel flag. Underneath the yellow caution tape. Behind these tall doors. Inside a vaulted atrium. Seventeen balconies are wrapping above us in a semi-circle. On the floor of this giant hall is a rebel flag of polished marble. Crossing bars of cobalt blue above a sea of crimson jade flecked with gold powder and amber mica. Thirteen brash stars of Georgia marble stand alone but confederated in their alignment. Above this flag reaches a ceiling of iron rail and ancient glass — the dust from our trespass dances in the fingers of light draping to the floor.

All of this, this vast room, is downright racist. I found this out slowly in college. It was necessary for my commencement. We, the professors and myself, realized it would be noble to shun this wing in my mind. We considered burning the whole place down. Before you decide, let's hop on the elevator. On the ninth floor, the doors open to fall. Friday night, 7 PM. Here comes me, at ten. My socks are surfing across a parquet floor as I skid in dramatic fishtail in front of a pregnant television. The Dukes of Hazzard taught me the magic of poetry. I bow to the succinct splendor of, "It beats all you never saw."

This ability to deliver adrenaline and loyalty from a racist orange car shaped me. I admired the flamboyance of gravity. I had attached my identity to their style. I was identifying and vibrating from the joy and power I could funnel from my culture. General Lee was my first horse and missing an episode was self-neglect. The rebel flag was my primary sigil. I was a child of the southern tribe — a self-appointed green ranger from the mountains of Tennessee. The flag was the very foundation of my mind palace.

Next stop. Floor 13-years old. My hometown has a rich Civil War history. One of our tourist museums was Confederama. Rebel flags adorned its building as big as the parking lot. Inside this racist display was a historical, racist diorama of the Civil War. The giant room was surrounded with rolling hills in miniature of metal figures telling history with sculpted trees, and war cannons. The artistry and the detail enthralled me. I watched adults tend to it like they were playing as children. These men bore my colors. I had stumbled into the secret lair of the Duke Boys Confederama Diorama Gang.

This display of imagination was hope for someone struggling with turning into a teen. Back before the ego congealed, identity was a bubbling fountain. I could wake up a Skywalker, mosey into lunch as a cowboy, afternoons I'd vacillate between Tarzan and Chewbacca. Puberty cements the needle that defines us. Society and age cinch the strings of identities' corset. These men, with their rebel flags, were living figurines of hope for my rebel imagination. If the magic ship inside me could make it through these seas of puberty, I could emerge from my cocoon and find my way back here to those tiny paintbrushes and those little glass bottles of paint.

Back on the elevator, next stop, eighth floor; The Chickamauga Battlefield. The ground where racist thoughts fought each other to death. Doors open to a cold September morning. Slippery green pastures snooze under a quilt of fog. From the east of Missionary Ridge, 34,000 American men fall in 3 days. All of this history preserved in acres and acres of giant stone towers guarding fields of deer and cannons. A natural memorial to commemorate history's bleeding. The legends of ghosts with green eyes following a crooked and once bloody river. In the summer twilight, we met here for the symphony called 'Pops in the Park.' Green beans in Tupperware and cold chicken in tinfoil. I would slip away from my family's home blanket to revolt with sporadic gangs of rebel children with no names.

We rode our imaginations like the current and slipped like fish under a river of flying frisbees.

Those were good times. Good, racist, times.

I saw a tweet where someone snapped a pic of a Confederate Flag flown at a Veterans Day parade in California. A politician tweeted his virtue signal. The symbol fashionably revolted him as he spits his disgust to all his followers. “The racists have come out of the woodwork now with Trump!” Hey yelled, “Tolerance is in danger!” as he proceeded to illicit intolerance. He was siphoning energy from the sigil of dead American Veterans to use for his campaign.

The name Chickamauga means dwelling place of the chiefs. The shaming of the south is a movement that rallies around punishing a scapegoat. It’s an excuse for inbred innuendo, redneck jokes, racial slurs, and intellectually superiority. It’s a condoned bigotry by a culture twirling under a parasol. The gospel of history has revised with intellectual slander. The south’s image has been and remains to this day a confederacy of racists.

It was springtime on a warm Sunday afternoon in Appomattox, Virginia. A Seneca Indian Chief from the Iroquois Confederacy was drafting a document to end the Civil War on April 9th, 1865. His name was Hasanoanda, but he baptized with the name of Ely Samuel Parker. He served in the Union Army and studied law in New York. When he died years later, the Seneca people refused his body for burial. He was a white man living in a stolen red skin. A few miles away, that same afternoon, a smiling white guy of twenty-five years was posing for a picture. He rested his meaty palm on an ornate saber perched from his left hip. He donned frontier gloves with long fringe tassels that matched his curly locks dipped in cinnamon. He stood tall on his horse despite the canopy’s low branches. He was carving a name for himself in history with his very own traveling journalist. George Armstrong Custer was helping the union spread national supremacy across the south. In a few more months he’d be taking the same campaign out west. There were other rebels, with red skin, who needed emancipation from their freedom.

Slavery is humanity’s world history. It is not a practice invented by the south. In 1962, Saudi Arabia and Yemen finally abolished slavery. The UAE

followed two years later. Since then, four more countries abolished slavery. Calling the Rebel Flag a symbol of hate is geographic bigotry and used as a way of shaming a culture. This is the work of an energy vampire. The alchemy of molten shame running their foundries to build railroads to White Houses.

The Civil War happened for the same reason as any other war. Human's kill each other, and we look for psychological and moral excuses to participate in violence. We are apex predators suppressed by diet, chemicals, and programming. The primary motivation of war is the procurement of energy via control, land, family, or virtue. The winner always paints history's portrait and moral justifications, like cobwebs, dangle from the rafters pretending to be the truth. The rebel flag and the south are scapegoats as long as there's an appetite for virtue. We are bred to follow kings. We lose our freedom to the District of Columbia.

The intellectual vampires in college turned me racist. I wanted to be an intellectual, so I asked them to turn me. I paid money for the experience of being bitten. I read the books and called out shame when they cued me. I was feeding an intellectual coven of virtue leeches. Discoveries in victim oppression hung in every classroom like bird-feeders. My character was too thin to resist. I was an acolyte and carried a torch. I closed off the south wall to my mind palace and moved bookcases hiding the entrance. Even today, when I go into the sandwich shop and order, I cringe when I say "white American" for my choice of cheese. This kind of shame is harvested by the intellectual vampire. It fuels the incinerators of individualism. The south isn't the only victim. The same thing is happening to the electorate with terms like "uneducated." If people without college are uneducated than those with college must be unskilled.

CHAPTER FOUR

Love Trumps Nothing

ARE YOU BUYING the election hate? It's a buyer's market. I saw a post-election protest in my hometown that was a cornucopia of fresh organic, "Love Trump's Hate." These people were beautiful. I knew these people. They were gone now. It was a potluck of faces wading in the flotsam and jetsam of concern and eye droop. Safety pins declaring safe-zones and soul sisters selling messages urging people to love Trump's hate. Wait, what? If these people were peaceful, why did it feel angry? If these people were love, why were they activating "Love Trump's Hate?"

As I charted my way through the drowning crowd, I locked eyes with some of their children. They clung like castaways on sunken shoulders. Their needy eyes were asking me if I could help their mother. I saw the future of our nation weaning on emotional dissonance. Under fascisms brilliant rainbow, on this canvas in four dimensions, curtained by oak trees underneath a purple moon, a symphony of people played "Love Trump's Hate." This was the most attractive village mob I had ever seen.

Emotional fascism is a doctrine disguised as a feeling dictated through a collective. This doctrine is enforced throughout the hive using virtue signals and passive shame. Those who mimic are rewarded with energy. Admiration is a commodity. Those who do not reflect the doctrine are neglected i.e. shamed. Emotional fascism is an invisible agenda of emotions everyone has been auto-subscribed. This emotional agenda comes from outside the body. It is implanted like a commercial jingle. There is no self-soothing since the emotion is externally controlled.

You find emotional fascism in safety pin bowls passed around at food co-ops after the election. You see it when you buy a ticket to a Broadway musical only to be held hostage by a colony of actors scolding their patron. Innocent travelers meet it during a traffic protest on the freeway. Self-employed students see it when they find classes canceled for a cry day. This secret handshake of assumed devastation serves as a golden ticket for poor behavior. Emotional fascism is slander for cookies. It centralizes a shame vortex and begins to feed a pseudo hive. People start to ask each other with their eyes "How do I feel now?" All of this implanted from a corporate slogan "Love Trump's Hate".

I can imagine seeing the energy in the raw as it flows through this crowd's atmosphere. This is not a vortex of love and compassion. They were up to their waist insisting they held the highest ground. But, it wasn't high ground. The Love Trumps Hate event presented as solidarity showed itself as a silent parade for wounded cock strutting. One parent "pulled my kids from school." Someone raised her with "it put my mom in the hospital." It was as if a thousand soccer players cried, "Foul!" as they wriggled on the ground for attention.

Everybody loves melodrama except the kids who don't know who's pretending. How do you explain a contra-dance of virtue? A child overhears mom say she is devastated. A child learns this must be the definition of devastation. All they could see was negative energy masquerading as positive energy sucking all the other negative energy pretending to be positive energy. Their parents were tuning forks wrapped in skin. They were vibrating their children's emotions into a cauldron of drama and darkness. Dipping their soon to be flaming torches as they whispered back, "it'll be okay."

Who could wonder why this country is roaming with hollow people. Zombies are trying their best to mark themselves on the public yardstick of conviction. This behavior is not new. Who has the tallest ten-gallon hat? Who's got the curviest petticoat? This posturing has gotten tricky. We've mingled our estrogen with testosterone. It's so confusing being anything. You can have passion, but not too much passion. The only time women may fart is in yoga. The only time men may scream is at some primal retreat. We have arrived at an epic vista overlooking a foamy ocean of citizens all scrambling to be king of Mount Virtue.

We've lost our core. We no longer command our boundaries. We ask the community to define them for us. It's the role of government to provide us a booster seat at the table. We've convinced ourselves we are selfish. We compete for the privilege to tell each other we're not worthy. We sip from the sugar found inside the lips of pity. This will never sustain us across life's big ocean. It gives us just enough to keep hovering in the breeze. We are trapped in a cage of wings. We have reduced ourselves to a nation of vampires. We define everyone's boundaries but our own.

This happened when we decided we were no longer capable of independence. We've decided we're not to be trusted. We're too racist, too sexist, too ignorant, too naïve, and too human. We've delegated our stewardship to the E.P.A. We've farmed out our compassion to F.E.M.A. We've bowed to the 30-foot P.C. Gorilla that kidnapped our precious lady liberty. We're afraid of the wall. We're afraid of not having one. We're going nowhere as fast as we possibly can. Our disgruntled toes keep squishing us deeper in this shitty pudding.

Love trumps nothing. Love has no enemy. Love is not here to coddle us about how we're the good guys. Love does not call for the obedience of minions. Love is not here to take home a democratic trophy. Love comes when you find yourself broken. You only know love when you need it. Personally. Privately. A political movement has no place co-opting love's definition. Nor should it tarnish love atop a slogan that closes with the word hate. Hate was your idea. You insisted it belonged here. You carry signs to prove it. Love is our word. Love trumps nothing. Love would never work that way.

CHAPTER FIVE

Patriarchy

A FEW WEEKS ago I found myself defending some statements on my perspective as a man. I was defending this position to a woman. I chuckled at the absurdity of my situation. I was validating my own gender's perspective. I was giving away my power. This is the undisclosed side effect of today's social justice. We are uninstalling the freedom of self-definition.

We bought the idea that it's selfish to have our own boundaries. We've replaced them with invisible fencing buried in our culture. Society's man gathers admiration by flogging his ego in public. This turns the act masochistic. How can we reward someone for enjoying humiliation? Men should be hunting virtue instead of gathering it.

The woman was convinced we live in a patriarchy and it was my fault. She was granting me the privilege to pay all women reparations. This is the blueprint laid out like a school uniform: 1) Declare me a sexist, or broken. 2) Declare me too blind to see it. 3) Offer a path to salvation by shaming myself publicly. Until I did these things, I was perpetuating the patriarchy. This incident reminded me of what I learned in College. They convinced me my manhood would always corrupt my thoughts. The mountains I climb in life would only be the result of my white skin and phallus. I asked her if we live in a patriarchy, why am I missing the tip of my penis. We are mutilated at birth. The cutting of our pagan tail keeps us entrained to a village. We pass the time with the games of Shakedown Street. Man's dreams are so much bigger than a pillow. Let culture's opinion bounce off of you. A free man is shame-proof. He cuts the strings from his boyhood.

No one does this for him. If he leaves them hanging, anyone can take control.

Make your definition brave in the face of tribal fascism. Always acknowledge the energy you see. Remind yourself that hiding truth is a form of stealing. Challenge your peers as you watch them dip into intellectual bigotry. Advocate for anything that feels emotionally unpopular. Experience a group pushing back. Feel the power of their opinion push against you. Put yourself in a circle of wild indians and let them shake you free of dogma. The dervish of your will is the egg of manhood. A man needs these punches and claws. How else will he know how thick his flesh is?

We are here on this earth to feel things like rejection. Our life has a choreography of failure. Mortality is an oboe in our fingers. How does it move you? Do you waste your measures in a heap on the floor? Can your lips feel the tickle of the reed through your breath? Fill yourself with heart's warm pulsing. Become more than reptile wrapped in a mammal. Your ego is the throne of identity. Be your own king and champion.

CHAPTER SIX

Carbon Footprint

A LONG TIME ago, in the presidential debate, Al Gore told a mother he was going to fix television for her children. He wasn't offering to repair her equipment; he was offering to fix what she got on the screen and from the speakers. I was thoroughly indoctrinated at the time as a liberal. I was watching the debate as a demonstration of my loyalty. Al Gore was my favorite wrestler. The moment I heard Gore make her that promise, I was smacked in the face with a metal folding chair.

The mother went home feeling better. She tucked herself into her bathrobe and sat in her recliner and waited patiently. Her kids remained refugees in front of the television while she waited. She waited, and waited. But the sex, drugs, and rock-and-roll kept dripping out of the screen and onto the carpet. Day after day, heaving breasts and camel-toe kept spewing mental yogurt. Behind television's glass curtain, a giant pulsing electron gun was firing photons at the speed of light into the delicate rods and cones of her children. She kept waiting on Al Gore's promise.

Al Gore is a freelance messiah trolling for disciples. Environmentalism is a religion of virtue and admiration is the false idol. A social marketplace develops around this kind of honey. Like cash; virtue is a commodity to be brokered. It's why Al Gore pivoted from fixing television to fixing the environment. Al Gore is a psychopath and a vampire. The archetype of the carbon footprint corroded America's self-esteem for his benefit. The acid from his lips still drips in textbooks. Overnight, millions of American's pictured their chalky-black fingerprints spoiling a beech of virgin white sand. He declared our every breath a poison. Climate data has been

manipulated to serve a purpose. We believe it because no one dares ask if it is true. The spellcraft of shame bypasses scrutiny in the name of compassion. Al Gore was there to feed on that vortex.

The wizardry of virtue will always flow from the lips of the black magician. Convincing sheep they are deficient makes it easy to lead them to slaughter. The key to indoctrination is the removal of confidence in your perceptions. Your faith in your ability to discern truth is the biggest threat to the black magician. Statements like “Check your privilege” always mean “stop being so confident.” To live a truly moral life, one must reject society’s dominion over what you deem true. The most effective way to help our environment is learning to spot the lies. Declare yourself a tribe of one.

CHAPTER SEVEN

Babel Virus

WHAT IF WE discovered that language was a virus installed in your head? Imagine your mind inoculated from the curse of comprehension. What would our thoughts look like without the clothing of words? Mammals are highly empathic creatures with an elaborate sharing interface. The brain burns most of our precious calories on the interpretation of others. An fMRI shows two minds reacting identically when one subject is exposed to a facial expression. We share someone's live feed by subscribing to each other's feelings.

A baby boy is born. His emotional software comes preinstalled from the factory. He has no language. He has no concept of shape. He knows the pain, and he knows its absence. Feeding is a built-in function, not a skill learned in first grade. His mind is purely irrational - motivated by instinct and intuition. This irrational state is one of pure connection and vulnerability. Imagine the freedom in a mind with no language. Before words, ideas were blurred fish swimming in the stream of consciousness. They had no associations or edges. With language installed, our words are a million transparent cups jumbling the river.

Corporatism needs men with words that are predictable and linear. Man serves this system best as a tiny reliable motor. But our deeper intuition is a sail harnessing the raw power of emotion. Man can be more of a canvas than an engine. This kind of power can only be experienced outside the harbor. Without a destination, the mind can justify the 'ridiculous' journey. When the mind is free of language, the concept of rationality can be treated as just another opinion for parsing the world. From this free space, we

remember that language itself is a figment of the imagination as is the very concept of objectivity.

Imagine this spring a small startup discovers a cure for the babel virus. New technology is developed that breaks the world's ceiling. The world will not end that day. But the illusion will change as a curtain of language is opened above us. The new technology is applied like a patch behind both ears. It vibrates into the skull and blocks the language center of the brain. It's a white noise filter for comprehension. The wearer can still hear sounds, but the words are no longer connected to their former meaning. Likewise, the words we hear in our head are rendered superfluous. This technology makes emotions clearer. We start to see a temperament emerge from the vibration of the speaker versus the verbiage. By paralyzing our language center, the mind loses its ability to command through linear reason. The brain is rendered speechless. Our eyes can finally tune into the direct vibration of another person's emotional state. A more profound emotive ego takes hold in us as the mind loses its stilts and falls into the frothing tide of heart. We emerge from the tide, a captain of intuition.

There are several side effects of this technology. One of the most profound is the discovery of emotional telepathy. For the first time, we begin to understand each other above the chirping. Our clear minds allow us to experience a new fidelity in the silence. Our entire body becomes the listening device. We discover an inner being to man as a tuning fork for emotion. Conversations turn into sessions of beholding. We are filled by and with the presence of each other. This kind of communion has no fingers to grip an agenda. Unlike the one-lane bridge of speaking and listening, emotional telepathy opens an asynchronous connection.

We've had these abilities all along but our mind was suffering from is own babel. The electric language was too loud. On the brain's surface, the virus called the Tower of Babel has fallen. Its barbed stinger freed as blood rushes into the crevices and replenishing our gray tributaries. Our life slips back into a marinade of the heart's wet pulsing. The bellow of breath returns to stoke the engine. We replace the human electric motor with steam.

CHAPTER EIGHT

Agnes, the Wise Wife of Keith

AGNES SAMPSON, THE Wise Wife of Keith, awoke in the beautiful cobblestone town of Castlehill, Scotland. Agnes had been chained to a wall in the standing position for weeks with steel prongs forced into her mouth and a rope around her neck. Agnes was a midwife, herbalist and town elder. She pled guilty to attempted ship sinking by witchcraft. The testimony against Agnes came from Gillis Duncan who claimed she saw Agnes summon a violent tempest late one night. Agnes, under cover of her storm, crawled up the keel of a ship and rocked it violently. One of the passengers on that ship was bringing his bride back to their new home in Scotland. It was purely by God's grace that he survived the demonic terrorism of Agnes Sampson. For you see, that man was Scotland's young King.

On Jan 16th, 1591, Agnes was shaved from head to toe and tied to the stake. Because of the progressive mercy of the town, a tourniquet was used to choke her unconscious before the fires would burn her body. The execution cost the town $7.76. It was a Wednesday. The 31-year-old King had presided over her trial. He found Agnes' confession to be somewhat forced but still acceptable. It was his first witch burning. It would not be the last. For the next six years, hundreds of witches were miraculously discovered and tried all over Scotland. The King felt beset from all sides by the devil and was moved to write his first book, Demonology. In this philosophical work, the reasons, methods, and justifications for witch hunting are outlined, decreed, and sanctioned by God and King. This book was well received all over Europe and the new Americas and used as evidence for the conviction of over three thousand more cases of witchcraft.

Demonology was a best seller. Young Shakespeare used it for the three sisters of Macbeth. This King had more to say to his people. In 1604, King James would begin his second literary opus as managing editor of the Bible.

Terrorism and piety have both been used effectively to control a populace. One is a political motivation, and the other is a spiritual one. Both leverage fear but from opposite poles. It's important to remember that the people who tortured and murdered Agnes Sampson thought they were right and decent people. Some were patriotic and believed in the grace and divinity of their government. Others were motivated by a quest for purification. Regardless, the populace approved of its reflection. Society could do no wrong in the people's eyes simply because they were a part of society. Its members could be found guilty, but society itself is always good. The absurdity of this dogma is why we repeat our history. When has a mob looked at its behavior and thought, "Wow, we are evil." That's not how evil works. Evil thinks itself is good. Evil makes itself righteous.

Evil gains power in the sanctity of its own opinion.

Government is not an umbrella of righteousness. Government is the child of the people. Children without guidance will steal things. Children without supervision will hurt others. Even today, as we adorn each other with Medals of Freedom, fifty-five people rot in prison in Cuba that's so illegal we can't house it in our own country. We are fully justified because we are on the side of "freedom." This freedom is important enough to violate it globally while taking it away from our citizens in the name of preserving it. This happened because a leader convinced his population they were in danger. On this day in history, Agnes was murdered so that everyone could feel safer. Nine of the fifty-five prisoners in Gitmo died to make us feel safer. Did it work?

CHAPTER NINE

White Male Identity Crisis

THE WORD PREJUDICE is not evil. Prejudice chooses a lane in traffic. It puts on two matching socks in the morning and grabs avocado over zucchini at the buffet. Prejudice is our style. It's the rhythm of our personality. Our prejudice is our identity. Shaming or stifling prejudice leads to self-abandonment. Group mind suppresses the identity. Listening to the group is the same as ignoring yourself.

Across the nation, we've seen crowd-funded street gangs roam our country like rock stars on tour. This tour has been sponsored by the media. Almost every arrest in Charlottesville was from someone out-of-state. This had little to do with a statue. Charlottesville was a venue, another stop on tour for the band of angry villagers.

American culture has turned identity into a currency. It's worth so much our young people no longer see the value in themselves. The hearts of our youth have quaked with cavities. Each of them craves and fears their own identity. You see evidence of this void in acts of public self-flogging where kids disparage their own culture, gender, race, or proclivity. Another phenomenon is age dysphoria via emotional breakdowns, safe spaces, and timeout zones. Beneath these actions there is a common theme; the blatant attack on the dignity of the self in public. Self-humiliation is an initiation into the cult of abandonment.

There's some footage from Charlottesville where the mob was yelling in unison "Black Lives Matter!" and "White Lives Matter!" at each other. Those lyrics may seem different, but the beat is the same. We hear a sea of individuals screaming from the pain of self-abandonment. They want to

matter to themselves. They are asking the outside to fix the inside. How we treat ourselves is what should matter. When we stop pandering to identity, identity will lose its currency. In this collapse, the self can re-emerge as captain.

CHAPTER TEN

Blood Addiction

HE SAT UPRIGHT like an emperor in a straight chair made of wood. Each hand rested on each knee like a capstone. His eyes were closed. He was busy exploring. He rotated his focus from behind his eyelids towards the center of his head. He crawled on his belly into the gray folds of his wet brain. Just below eye level, towards the rear of the skull, he located his pituitary. He could almost stand up inside as he turned to face forward. He climbed up a grand gallery into his king's chamber, the pineal gland. This is the third ventricle - a room above the eyes and just forward of the spine. He moves himself to the very center of the chamber. The energy from his parabolic skull is focused here like a magnifier. He was in the control tower of his endocrine system. From here he can throttle his entire body with adrenaline via the throat, kidneys, and testicles.

Adrenochrome is a chemical compound produced by the oxidation of adrenaline. Blood addicts extract adrenochrome through torture and blood-letting. The psychological torture produces the chemical in the victim's bloodstream that when ingested produces a feeling of intense euphoria and power. It becomes highly addictive and bonds the user's brain receptors to a new threshold. They become an addict. This is what the Aztec were doing with their rituals. In school, they told us sacrifices were performed to help crops grow. The Aztecs were doing it to get high. Not all bloodletting ritual was sacrificial. It was common practice even for children.

Often, the blood was collected and baked into bread. The heart was considered the most potent. The adrenochrome was most active when the spirit was still alive. Deers, chickens, snakes, and even butterflies were

farmed for adrenochrome. It comes from tears, too. The entire body excretes adrenalin. Tlaloc, the god of rain, would ask for the tears of children. Adrenochrome also comes from burning someone alive. The smoke is vaporized adrenochrome. South Korean customs have found thousands of smuggled pills filled with powdered human baby flesh.

Once a town made its first sacrifice, the ritual turned into a monthly carnival. The fires reached their peaks by the mid 16th century. Historians ignoring adrenochrome will tell you it was the professional witch hunters who were behind all of this. However, the town was getting something out of it, also. They were getting high off the ritual. That ritual brought commerce. Whether they knew it or not, the burning of flesh became the town's new focus. Townspeople were rewarded with dopamine for ritually murdering one of their own. Next on the stake became a sociopathic chess game of scapegoat versus flying monkey. Towns were ruled by the whims of girls who point their fickle finger. Everyone's life changed in the birth of demonology.

In 1555, Near the town of Derneburg, Germany, Gareth Longsack was tending the fields. He was thinking of the most pleasurable moment of his life. It was ten years prior, and Gareth made hay with his new wife, Lillian. He felt her naughty bits against the rickety walls of a new swine cart. The euphoria coursing through Gareth's bloodstream set a new high in his brain. This was Gareth's apex moment. His consciousness was the most awaken it had ever been. Those chemicals became Gareth's north star, and for the next ten years, every other experience was compared to that one. Our minds are built around these north stars. Gareth's mind had centered on a wholesome, moral moment. His highest ideal was forged in his mind palace with dopamine. When he thought about Lillian, his mind secreted its juices as if to tell Gareth, "yeah, I remember that, too."

It was only three months later when Gareth was in town and witnessed his first witch burning. The fumes were intoxicating. Three women were cooked alive while the town chanted away evil. The ceremony was white-washed in the feigned calls of justice. The minister explained they had no choice; the devil must be confronted. The bindings used on the victims would burn off sometimes so men would volunteer to push them back into the flames. This entire experience infiltrated Gareth's system. He had a new apex moment now. It was coated in a veneer of dissonance and toxic shame. Gareth had entered the ceremony of the checkerboard. He stood by and

watched his town murder without hesitation. His complacency was his consent, and his body was drunk on the fumes of steamed blood. His new apex of the mind was the blood sacrifice. Gareth compared every new experience to this one. This event was forever magnified in his mind palace.

In the field, Gareth's thoughts no longer went to Lillian. He kept hearing the rumble from that fire. He remembers how bright the moon was that day. He could see every bump. The town was chanting words over the cries of agony and melting skin. He recalled every fizzle in detail. He could not process why justice could feel so tantalizing. Gareth was now under the power of the checker. His black was white now. His white was black. The poles of morality had been severed from their stand and were free to tilt and drift like a toy gyroscope. His chemicals pointed north, while his morality was a free agent.

Matthew Hopkins, born 1620, was the fourth son of a wealthy Puritan vicar from Suffolk. Matthew Hopkins was a psychopath. In March of 1644, he accused several women of conversing with the devil. His case was convincing enough to win him the title of Witchfinder General. Over the next three years, Matthew would facilitate the execution of 300 more women. All of them interrogated, tortured, and murdered under the rules for witches specified in an early book by King James. Matthew wore the cloak of a jester, half white, half black. He would enter a township announcing his title and proceed to root out evil for a nominal fee. He turned towns into savage ritual carnivals. He became an adrenaline pusher. He was a psychotic alchemist.

To cleanse a town of evil, Hopkins would first insert it. He was the master of the psyop. The village of Mannington was his first false flag. He claimed a group of women was overheard speaking directly with the devil. When he confronted them, they naturally denied it. Hopkins proceeded to show the town how every answer they gave was precisely what the devil would say to be deceptive.

Adrenochrome works like any other drug. Mr. Hopkins was a drug dealer. Gareth Longsack was a user.

CHAPTER ELEVEN

Gulf of Tonkin

MY BIOLOGICAL FATHER lost his leg and his mind after the Vietnam War. He was a Marine who gave his life so a country could live a lie. He was rewarded for going along with the dissonance. PTSD is a function of witnessing unresolvable trauma. He was told we were the good guys while being they were the bad guys. He felt justified in his violence. He had surrendered his decisions and trusted his orders and his country. My father did everything they told him. He died alone because of a lie.

The Gulf of Tonkin incident was a series of skirmishes involving the USS Maddox. American media were told to report that the Vietnamese were firing on American ships. It was presented as a series of unprovoked attacks. If you look on the map at the Gulf of Tonkin, you can see the truth of what happened. Imagine a foreign battleship patrolling the Gulf of Mexico and opening fire along the shores of Tampa or New Orleans. That's what we did in Vietnam.

My parents' generation accepted a war based on the threat of three speedboats. It cemented blind trust from the people to the government. When you have a trauma bond the moral decisions of the victim are delegated to the perpetrator. The soldier relinquishes his moral authority over to a chain of command. This is the severing of the intuition to accommodate the larger organism. This is the shifting of the poles. The checkerboard personality is a side-effect of mental mitosis. The mind is peeled and splintered into what is required to survive. You break a mind in the same way you break a collective. Divide-and-conquer.

You can swallow this red pill now or wait for the suppository.

We are in the first miles of our Great Awakening. We need to talk about these truths and show each other compassion. We are removing the electric plug from our spines. We will all awaken with trauma. Some are not quite ready to see it. Your awakening will be met with resistance and ridicule. You are going to be called crazy for what you are saying. You may lose your temper and start to attack someone with your words. You feel justified because you know people's lives are in danger. You can't force this. You have to find compassion for the self you see inside them. These people aren't stupid, they are victims, too.

CHAPTER TWELVE

My First Alien

LAST NIGHT I had dinner with an optical engineer who was explaining the merits of molecular tweezers. He was strumming on about lasers and spectronomy, so I asked him a serious question about humanoid cloning. He mocked, “that’s a little too tinfoil hat” at the topic. The table laughed with the engineer, and I found myself muted once again by the flypaper of conspiracy. Undeterred, and somewhat autistic, I stopped the table of men to explain just how crazy I was about cloning. This is a rough transcript.

As a child, I heard the military industrial complex was fifty years ahead of the market. I remember a lab in England cloned Dolly the sheep twelve years ago. I know we splice and move genes in academia. I know in fifty years, we will clone a biological servant. I know we can predict how it might function and what it might look like. For example, we’d give it thumbs and fingers to be handy. We’d leave off fingernails, the sex organs, hair, or even a belly button to keep it simple. We could avoid the stomach and intestines altogether and recharge the unit through photosynthetic skin receptors like a house plant. We’d want its brain to be low calorie and predictive. We keep it simple. We could drop the outer mammalian lobes of reason and emotion. Let’s just keep the reptilian parts, the triune brain. We can rig it to work by remote control. We’ll need a big head to fit the antenna. After some prototypes, we would have a rechargeable, biological robot that’s docile and cost-effective. We would marvel at our pet snake with elbows and kneecaps. We could present it to the planet. They would hang on its every word like it was a Messiah. They would call our creature evolved and ascended. Its first word would start a new religion.

I stopped talking abruptly. The table begged itself for a proper reaction. Someone put ice cubes in their mouth. I looked at the engineer to prove me crazy. Our table paused for his answer. The mind control fell out of his face hole and into his plate of nachos, “The cost. It. It would be unimaginable. The amount of time… Ridiculous.” The table exhaled in unison of agreement. The intelligent engineer changed the subject, “Did you know those little L.E.D. pens aren’t technically lasers?” Someone answered, “Oooo. Really?” The tour bus of dinner conversation drove off without me.

Modern America is in a multi-layered state of mind control. That evening I felt trapped inside an aquarium listening to a goldfish tell each other shark stories. I was surrounded by guppies who needed a castle to keep them busy. Every fish in the tank pretends this is the real ocean. I was staring through the glass, wondering why I can’t swim right through.

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

American Racism

AMERICAN RACISM IS an assault on prejudice. The weapon used against it is shame. You know the assault is working by how much you clench up when you hear the word, “prejudice.” There is a strategy creating a demilitarized zone around the word. Prejudice is the freedom to pursue ourselves uninhibited. This word is the very definition of our identity. Our prejudice blazes a trail through all of our decisions. This trail is our signature as individuals. Prejudice is the enemy of mind control. Mind control works when we no longer trust our own choices. American racism turns prejudice into a taboo.

Love is the highest expression of prejudice.

The trauma bond is a phenomenon where codependency develops during a witness of trauma. Trauma can be physical or psychological; occur instantly, or repetitively. American racism is a trauma-bond built on dissonance. It's a bond of tiny lies we tell each to gain access. One declares themselves racist to the hive. This is the shame sacrifice. The colony accepts the offering under the currency of admiration. The ritual is repeated over-and-over in public. We are shame-bonding with the hive by branding ourselves with scarlet letters.

American racism is manufactured. People freak when you say racism is a myth here in America. But travel abroad and see the real meaning to the word. You notice that racism does not whisper in the corner. Racism doesn't hide in a holster.

Real racism is brash. It’s certainly not subtle. The parliament in South Africa where they call for the hunt of the white boere is real racism. Real racism is anti-discretion. It's intolerance out in the open. What we in America think is racism is the work of black magicians redefining the meaning of the word prejudice.

Racial slurs are distancing functions. These are natural defenses in any species. Like a dog showing you its teeth, a racial slur is a response to a threat. In fear, the mind creates distance between the self and the threat. The ego builds a chasm as an emotional defense. This is an act of distancing.

Racial violence in America is mythology. Today’s racist is the person in the room least worried about being called a racist. Does the white cis male truly benefit from racism in America? Are they actually in the role of the golden child? If you understand the psychology of the scapegoat, you will remember the scapegoat's feelings are neither entertained or comprehended. The scapegoat is not allowed an audience to express his position. Who is the golden child in America? The answer is the victim. Victims are the golden child in the land of the psychotic, and this is how you manufacture weakness. The system praises the victim while never bothering to fix it.

America is a jungle of lies and manipulations. Predators use deception to trap you — some feed on your money, others on your compassion. Your will, attention, love, and hate are all commodities to the social cannibal. You’re innocence and gullibility is prime fuel for their fires. Understand American racism is vampirism. It turns a person into a victim and places them on a pedestal. We lose all dignity on a pedestal.

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

Anatomy of Satanism in Hollywood

I MUST ADMIT I did not see this coming. Lately, Hollywood has been burning, and Satanists are running out from the flames with their arms, and pants, on fire. It appears that most of them are pedophiles and they are offended that anyone dares to critique them. When I see this happening, I struggle for the will to run for a bucket of water. I am not sure if a rescue would be moral or even sympathetic. I had to invest some time looking into the anatomy of satanism.

Satanists wear tennis shoes, do yoga and have children. They hold jobs; they get fired, they adopt children and animals. They have ethics, follow a code, and will pick up garbage instead of complaining about it. It is spiritual psychology for a large group of people. The modern-day satanist is a practitioner of will. At its core, satanism is founded on the principal of Thelema. Love is the Law, Love under Will.

A satanist calls on will through ritual. The satanic circle is a living theater for casting. The director builds a scene with props and acts out a fantasy. The fantasy is the will window-shopping. The success of the ritual is determined by the live performance of the director. Once the curtain rises, the show must go on. A Satanist takes this ritual very seriously. Their magical life depends on it. The satanic ritual produces results. If it did not, there would be no Hollywood.

As above so below is a principle of music. Plucking a string produces a tone. Halving the string will give you it's next octave. When two octaves are played together, a third octave is created through resonance. This is the harmonic principle and it is a fundamental of nature. A satanic ritual is the

playing of two tones to produce the third sympathetically. The first tone is played in the mind of the magician. The second tone is played in the ritual circle. The third tone is manifested in the real world through resonance. As above, so below. The perfection of the mind and the stage determines the quality of the third tone.

Hollywood is an industry built on resonance. Hollywood is not just movies. Hollywood is every lens influencing America. It is a curated perspective with a script. It's only measure of success is the amount of attention it bleeds from you. Its profits, integrity, and sense of community are meaningless. This is why CNN is the number one name in news. Hollywood is the ritual of the siren. She takes any ship commanded by any captain. It has no desire for character. It simply wants the flesh.

For decades, America painted a picture of gold in the hills. Movies painted a picture of fame-based salvation. Johnny Doe was young and free. He left a small town in Ohio on the morning of his high school graduation. Saddled in a Japanese sedan, he headed west to be a big star. Johnny was going to be somebody. He listened to the fantasy roll out of his lips, "My name is Johnny Cooper. No. John E. Cooper. J.D. Cooper." He would decide after lunch in St. Louis.

This is called dissociation, and it is the first step in the Hollywood ritual. The self detaches from the body and forms a tight white bubble. This is Johnny Doe's secret center. The outside world does not come here. This is his true nature, but Hollywood wants his illusion. Johnny is driving west, into the sunset. He is on a gasoline death march. This is the first level in the ritual. The sacrifice of Johnny's name is only the beginning.

The satanic ritual requires a circle, it requires a sacrifice, and it needs a resonator. The quality and weight of the sacrifice determine the power of the ceremony. Satanism is the direction and application of the will into the aether. The aether is the collected psychic energy of mankind. Man's will is fueled by the blood's juice. Adrenaline is a slingshot for the process. It creates the laser focus of a mother who picks up a Buick. Love, anger, hope, are all colors of will infused in the blood through our thoughts. The practice of Satanism is the honing of this energy.

Hollywood is not infected with pedophilia. It is a necessary function of its existence. There can be no Hollywood without it. To rape/molest a child is the ultimate self-sacrifice. No human could dwell in their own heart after doing that to children. Pedophilia is a death ritual. We are so

disgusted/angry at what is happening; we may not see the satanic mechanism and understand why it works this way, why this is its nature. I want you to know this so you won't try to fix it. Hollywood cannot be fixed. It is far from broken.

Why does adrenochrome work? It is a spell of blood over intent. To understand how this works, I need you to forget about the victim. I need you to instead go inside the mind of someone about to cut open someone's arteries. The witch said, "With a sharp knife cut deeply into the middle finger of your left hand. Eat the pain." The left hand is closer to the heart. The heart is a crucible of creation. We hope. We act. We think. We do. When the mind has a goal, it needs a heart's energy to fulfill it. Our will is adrenalin with intention.

After Johnny arrives in Hollywood, he descends through more elaborate rituals of sacrifice. Changing his name was the first level. Easy enough. Next comes an audition with no pants on. Then, some awkward touching that was nothing to worry about. Each one a ritual with more of a sacrifice. Each time, there is the peeling of skin as an offering. Soon, Johnny arrives empty-handed at the final ritual. He's bled himself out, and they won't take his bones. He needs the blood of another. He needs this town to need him like it used to.

The adrenalin that flows inside us is manna. Liquid intent made from a clean heart and mind is the most valuable resource on the planet. Our essence and life-force hold a power that's hidden from us for a reason. These secrets have been known for a long, long time. Adrenalin is the cure for everything. We have lost the knowledge to focus it. Hollywood Satanists have stolen these secrets and trapped them inside an industry. Why would a human murder a child? The answer is to stop being human. Pedophilia is the fourth level. Rejection of our humanity. It easy to do after a few grunts from Harvey Weinstein in a bathrobe. Each time, more of the skin is required. Each time, less adrenaline is produced. Each time, the desperation increases. The 5th level of Hollywood is Epstein Island.

When you arrive at level Epstein, you are gambling with centuries of karma. Epstein and Clinton are high-stakes Satanists. They fit the working definition of "demon," psychopathy possessing a human body. Bill Clinton, the human, was evacuated a long time ago. This is why Hollywood is perfect. A golden industry created decades ago by a cartel of psychotic bankers. When money is meaningless, you trade in the fetish of adrenaline.

Weinstein is a high cardinal. Sarah Silverman an altar girl. Pedowood thinks pedophilia is funny because they have turned into hyenas. They chew on innocent flesh hoping to remember their own taste.

Hollywood and MSM are satanic rituals of lights and camera. The big screen is a spell to give you the illusion of talent and truth. But talent is a contract, and contracts go to accomplices. Blackmail is the only way evil people can trust each other.

Satanism, Hollywood, and the MSM sell the idea that consent is a form of ethics. Notice consent is acquired externally, from a populace. Morality is internal. It keeps you up at night. The Hollywood ritual is turning your insides off. It wants you to follow their shiny gold compass.

Most of the left is a cult for the same reasons. One side of a person's psyche has been suppressed, shamed and destroyed. They have a gagged morality and distrust the intuition. We are told it's evil, racist, sexist, xenophobic. This dethrones morality replacing it with consent. This is why MSM says such ridiculous things. This is why Trump is so antithetical to Hollywood. This is why YOU are so dangerous awakened. You trust your morality. You listen to the compass in your spine. Every cult is a cancer of the self-abandoned.

We are men pretending to be sheep. There is a blueprint for mind control and Hollywood keeps using it. Progressivism is the sinister ritual of dipping chains in gold and selling it to us as privilege. When you accept this privilege, you tell a lie in public. This lie is outwardly rewarded with virtue. This makes the outside happy and the inside sad. Repetition is the key to mind control. A thousand tiny lies rewarded with a thousand voices chanting "You're so progressive." We naturally drift where it's comfortable.

True Satanism is relativism. Relativism is a philosophy that tries to turn morality into a consent-based system of ethics. It creates a fetish of the reason, placing it on a pedestal where anything is possible, no matter how depraved. When you create a consent-based ethic, it requires an external point of reference. This pulls the ear away from its own heart placing it outside in the matrix of acceptable opinion. This process guts you like a fish.

The laws of consent grant the satanist a pass on any behavior. How easy would it be under this system to: give a blowjob for a contract; to prostitute yourself for money and call yourself a virgin; To exploit a minor because they weren't crying loud enough for you to hear them? Satanism is a trance

on our morality. It turns it into the scapegoat and makes reason it's the golden child — the same repeated system of triangulation.

When you practice an evil spell, you perform a precise ritual with your body, props, and speech. If you do this correctly, you are rewarded. When actors are on camera, they perform a precise ritual with their body, props, and speech. If they do it correctly, they are rewarded.

Hollywood is a spell for your attention. The Hollywood camera is the all-seeing-eye. The lucky sacrifice is the actor who shows the most devotion. Their devotion comes through acts of depravity and self-blackmail. Our silver for their filmed ritual makes us an unknowing accomplice.

A few days ago, the media was available to film a protestor who dressed up as a city worker to Destroy Donald Trump's Hollywood Star. He was using a sledgehammer and a pickaxe. His costume is not a coincidence. The town of Hollywood is smashing its pentagram with the very weapons of communism.

Truth is harmonic. Trump is a truth that's come for Hollywood. This truth is exposure through light. You can't smash light. You can't smear it, label it, or get angry at it. The sun will always be on. All you can do is try and block it from others. You can build a false ceiling and gather everyone underneath it. At least for a while. Satanism is a "keeper" of light. Satanism, communism, progressivism, and scientism are all light-hijackers. Relativists. If you darken the world, your torch becomes a sun. Apollo can ration his photons through his own lying shadow until he falls. Like he always does.

Lies are shadows covering our religion and history. The walls of our mind are smeared and our vision has been clouded. Many have grown accustomed to the blur. Some still prefer it. Like music, truth is a harmonic. When integrity is tuned, the truth is resonated all around us.

Satanism is anti-truth because it places reason on a pedestal. Pedophilia shows us reason can never be the arbiter of truth. Reason is a function of mind, not heart. In Satanism, you look into a candle and see. In prayer, you close your eyes and listen.

When dissecting the pedophile, we want to know what makes them attracted to children. These people have a fetish for innocence. They know their own is gone forever. They traded it on the open market. The only way they can get closer to it is by making you an accomplice. They are more

than sick. They are walking dead. Hard decisions have to be made. A pedophile is no longer human. My ethics insist I say that dehumanizing someone is a farce in the light of criminal justice. But this is not for justice. This is for mercy. We must end the suffering of what used to be human a long time ago. Pedophilia is like leprosy, not alcoholism. There is no way to change someone who dehumanizes a child by turning them into a consenting adult.

The pro-consent pedophile advocate has no shame. His reasoning gags his morality. He is highly-functional and dangerous. All he needs is consent from the child. He is the only judge of when consent has been given. This is worse than rape. He requires his victim to justify his behavior.

Pedophilia will not die naturally. A pedophile must taste innocence to feel life. The brain is wired into the dopamine. Pedophiles are survivors who didn't make it. It would take another lifetime to fix them. Amputation is mercy. We can't pretend this is treatable by medication or a weekend retreat in the desert.

We worshipped the all-seeing-eye of the camera. Our phones, our homes, our concerts, and our movie theaters are an electric church. We are baptized in shiny shimmering illusion. People worship it. They sacrifice children to it. The clergy treats it with impeccable reverence. Who is the eye behind the lens? Why do we feed it with the eyes of our children?

Aztec culture has a bloody history of human sacrifice. We are bewildered at the very thought of it being real. We call those people animals and bury them deep down in history. We rest easy knowing how evolved we've become. We insist something so savage could never happen to us here. Not today. After all, we have our airplanes. We have our crosswalks. We go to movies. Impossible.

A spell enchants its subscriber. It casts a bubble of paralysis around the prey. It captivates the mind, subduing it with sound and picture. It extracts our attention, converting it to fame, and reselling it to us like nectar in 90 minutes. Victims are so blind to it they will buy their own ticket or pay a monthly fee.

If you've ever doubted the power of magic that's a sure sign that it's working, the sleeping will be the first to declare themselves woke. Listen carefully. You, me, none of us are woke. We are awakening. Remember how easy it is to fall under a spell. We are the Aztecs. This is what it's like to live in a human sacrifice culture.

My intention is to kill the Hollywood spell of the camera. Awareness is my staff of light, and I strike it deep into the earth from the top of my mountain. Let it be known so it may be exposed. Fame is the bondage of the golden child. Shame is the abuse of the scapegoat. The spell of the psychotic media cartel pelting us with corporate mind control is over. So mote it be.

CHAPTER FIFTEEN

Queen Lady Gaga

REST IN PEACE Zombie Boy. Gaga loved you because you were willing to peel your skin off to be near her. A man allegedly committed suicide on Lammas Day, August 1st, 2018. The day marks the Sabbat Festival, the beginning of the Wiccan harvest. It calls for the human sacrifice of any age male or female. Zombie Boy was a model. His hairless body was tattooed completely with muscle tissue. He removed his entire skin with ink. He was serving his Queen Lady Gaga as a tattoo model and dancer. Zombie Boy was the official 2018 Sabbat Sacrifice. He announced he had been chosen on April 19th in a post saying, "Since Fate, strikes down the strong man, everyone weep with me!"

Zombie's final words were typed into Instagram on Aug 3rd. It was a passage of ever-darkening gibberish. He spiraled himself like a corkscrew deeper as the words became grunts and urges. His final typed words sat below a photo taken from the bottom of a black well. He posted his last utterance to 418.1k followers. His lack of punctuation is a sign he wasn't communicating to his readers. He was reciting this to himself. He played the phrase with his mouth like a mantra. His spell created echoes in every digital witness. There were 48,470 Likes and 6,827 Comments.

After posting, Zombie Boy gave himself to the black deep. He slipped himself into a hole dug into his chest. He had lived off his depression spiked with a Queen's dopamine. Gaga's finest poison. Imagine the size of the black-hole swirling in this man's chest. He was surrounded by watchers, each occupied with their Gaga contract. No one was here for free. Zombie

Boy had abandoned his name and his skin a long time ago. The suction from his exodus pulled him straight into the anti-verse.

She wanted a touchless kill. Gaga needed three ingredients for her ritual. She needed a circle. She needed a sacrifice. She needed a resonator. As Zombie Boy took his own life, the ring in his ceremony turned into a throbbing tunnel. Gravity gave him up as he ascended. Zombie's corpse wonders if he will be accepted. His ascension slows while a golden feather weighs his heart. He sees where a piece of himself is missing. He can see it floating just out of reach before him. Zombie gazed into the eyes of his judgment as he slowly sank out of the scene and downwards into oblivion. He knew now where he would be going. He did not know what to expect when he got there.

As the dead man faded into black, he lost all concept of motion and density. He felt a wriggling as if he were underneath the slimy skin of a chicken. His spine was soft cartilage now. He had curled into the shape of a question. He was fully conscious and inside a brand new fetal body. He was returning to Gaia. This thought makes him weep behind eyes that haven't opened. For the next nine months, the former Zombie Boy gestates on how he got here.

Months pass. A stargate opens beneath him. A doctor pulls him into the universe by his tiny knees. He feels the cold sting of a new atmosphere. He panics at the gush of oxygen. The sensation is making him slowly forget. The lights are too bright, and the nurse is squeezing him. He tries to speak his story for someone to write it down. No one is listening. He tries to hold on to the memory of how he got here and from where he came. No one will hear his dying secret as he pushes his tiny new vocal cords. His brain is congealing as old memories get buried forever below a deluge of new information. All he can say comes out in a scream. Sweet milk comes pouring down his windpipe. The taste is too powerful a concoction. An electric jolt of sugar erases the life of Zombie Boy.

The next morning, Gaga showed a plucked heart to the people. Gaga's last words about her Zombie Boy were, "beyond devastating." She did not say she was sad. Gaga calls the powers of mental sickness to the circle. While holding the head of Zombie Boy, Gaga says, "We must save each other." A social tribute of 237k Likes and 102k comments are tossed at her feet. Gaga's words are impeccable. Her people are celebrating a ritual sacrifice. Queen Lady Gaga proclaims the boy's death will bring the colony

salvation. Every mind will be cleansed from her ritual — 339,000 people applauding a Queen for pulling a heart out of someone's chest without lifting a finger.

Every Hive has a Queen. A Queen stirs her colony with frequency and vibration. Her song penetrates the body of each bee turning it into her speaker. A hive will resonate a queen's signal. Devotion melts into obedience as they bring her pollen with moistened fingers. They fly it home without question every time. They castrate themselves to give to the collective. They are desperate to return to the temple of golden honey. A million zombies with wings confusing flight for freedom, each one is insisting they have never been asleep.

The spell of the Queen only resonates in an empty chest. Drones were once people made hollow through self-abandonment. Hollywood encourages all of us to celebrate the actor. An actor is a personality gutted like an avocado. We honor them as the golden child. "The Oscar goes to Zombie Boy." We give a piece of ourselves to be in their congregation. Once inside the show, the queen's sound can fill the abandoned chamber. We feel whole again from her buzzing. We are quenched by the sound of the queen's honey. The cavern we dig inside the solar plexus is a welcome to the machine.

CHAPTER SIXTEEN

Satanic Ritual of 9/11

THE ROOTS OF Sidley Austin LLP sprouted as the Civil War was closing. Two men hijacked the insurance industry in a single year from the flames of the Great Chicago Fire. They went national by underwriting the Securities Act of 1933. They set their eyes to Washington. The firm represented the American Medical Association, the American Bar Association and currently is the 6th largest corporate law firm in North America. They moved into the North Tower of the World Trade Center in May 2001. Barack Obama worked at this office and is rumored to have met Michelle Obama for the first time in the North Tower.

Rosemary Smith was 16 years old when she got her first job as a ticket girl at the Brooklyn Paramount Theater. She survived the first WTC bombing in 1993 right after joined the firm as a switchboard operator. She was close to her daughter and grandchildren. She was an aspiring chocolatier and had no idea she would be a sacrifice. Sidley Austin Brown & Wood LLP had 600 employees in WTC, occupying floors 54 through 59. Rosemary's desk was on the 57th. She was the only person at that company to come to work that day. The very first explosion in the first tower took its very first victim, Rosemary Smith. Her skin evaporated instantly. Twenty-seven trillion blood cells burst into flame. In the North Tower, a circle had been drawn. In that circle, a switch was placed. The spell was orchestrated by some unknown director. It had a circle. It had a sacrifice. It had a resonator.

David Rockefeller was on his knees at Ground Zero. It was Aug 3rd of 1966 at 12:34 in the morning. A circle had been prepared in the soil for the

Satanic Revels. This was a call for sex rituals from all of the bodies' openings. Rockefeller was the opening ceremony. He paced into the center where black dirt had been unfolded into the shape of a vulva. It held a fresh pool of menstrual blood gleaming like a cat eye. David plunged his golden spade into the island of Manhattan. He grunted out a spell of intention as his dimpled ass-cheeks spilled his pale seed into the open crevice. His pelvis convulsed and shuttered. David relished the eyes of his party of witnesses. He took his time. His mouth was slimy. He mooed and grunted in their presence. At one point he was howling with his back arched into a crescent. He was feeling his animal. Just as it began, it was over. The finished man stumbled for his silk pants while people helped him tall again. A musical orgy had erupted behind him. The remainder of the morning was an Olympics to depravity. David found new boundaries to cross as they celebrated the rise of the eastern star. David's twin tower vision was coming closer. His will and intent were mended in ritual blood and witnessed.

Rockefeller planned to bury a steel tuning fork deep in the bosom of Manhattan. Each tower would be wrapped from dirt to sky in solid metal. Its thick outer walls were kept hollow for resonance. Rockefeller's 110 story instrument would play the song of 2,996 people being sacrificed on live camera. Every morning, David woke up next to this satanic vision. It became his kinky mental lover. It played through his body and mind at every breakfast. The evilness of his vision became his identity. He would make a masterpiece for Moloch.

Satan is a title, not a creature. Rockefeller was competing for the throne. He wanted to thrust a dagger straight in history's eye socket and cackle as it bled in his vision. Rockefeller's golden child, the Star of David, was fulfilling his destiny. He would become the new king of evil.

Masonic symbolism places a special meaning on the two towers. They trace back to Solomon's Temple and the pillars of Jachin and Boaz. In I Chronicles 17:1 King David expresses a desire to build God a temple, but the Lord declined him. Now the two towers are used by the elite for a ritual murder. The tower of Justice is a swift strike with no trial. The tower of Mercy is the slow kill following a warning. It takes a twisted mind to label a ritual murder with words like "mercy." However, this philosophy is the very fuel of satanism. David has become a master of reason. He is no longer a slave to the limits of morality. Through mental alchemy, David can turn

any act of violence into a consenting relationship between two mortals. No depravity is off limits. No one is safe or ever truly innocent.

Oswald Adorno was 19 and expecting his first child in August. The year was 1975, and they were living in the Bronx. He was employed as a wall and floor cleaner in World Trade Center Tower 1. The North Tower. Oswald was in the private bathroom of a vice president's office. He was watching himself watching someone in the mirror. He spread his fingers like talons and grabbed the rolls of his belly and shook it. He exhaled loudly as he met the eyes of his reflection one last time. He told himself, "We have to do this now." Oswald followed the instructions carefully. He was on the 11th floor of the North Tower starting his sixth fire in a telephone access closet. He had fourteen minutes to exit the building and collect $6,000. The Valentine's Day fire ritual had begun. The North Tower fire spread to 6 floors total. It was suppressed by the efforts of 132 New York firefights.

A few days later, David Rockefeller surveyed the damage in his North Tower. He didn't know who was behind this petty spell. He was disgusted by an amateur coming in and pissing on his carpet. He felt shame underneath his floppy waxed hair. It occurred to him this was payback for the ritual orgy nine years ago. The audience of hyenas he ceremonially obliged to lick his ass were bloodthirsty and impatient. David saw how his tower could be stolen. Evil could be dethroned by a raven swooping in to take his catch. He must be vigilant. The memories of the first ritual on the ground sent nervous rivers of electricity up his spine. He braced himself against a charred door frame and felt the memory of eleven ritual tongues inside him.

The Masonic ritual stage curtained between two towers. The floor of this stage is called the master's carpet. This carpet is a black magic holodeck. It is a virtual reality placed in the real world. David selected Manhattan for his carpet. He would put the city into a trance that would resonate all over the world. On September 11th, the North Tower of Justice struck with no warning. The South Tower of Mercy gave pause before its ring. A ritual circle of water sealed off the island. The streets of New York became a satanic checkerboard of fear and paralysis. Rockefeller cast his spell from a torch inside the copper hands of Lucifer. He was the light bringer, the master magician.

The Statue of Liberty island was closed on Sept 11th. It remained closed for years after Ground Zero. Liberty had alchemically morphed into

Lucifer, the Copper God. The torch became a firestarter. It witnessed an archway made of billowing smoke between the vibrating pillars of burning humans. David Rockefeller turned “the tired, the poor, the huddled masses yearning to breathe free” into a Passover lamb. The depravity of the symbolism gave him an erection.

We thought George W. Bush was stupid. On Sept 11th, he was at Booker Elementary School holding a book titled “My Pet Goat.” He was listening to a mantra from a group of spelling children. The innocent voices were sounding words from their teacher, “Kite. Hit. Steel. Plane. Must.” They repeated each word over-and-over. One of the King’s men whispered to the President about the first tower. He nods in approval and remained still and seated. He is not stunned. He is not sad. He is not angry. A tiny smile curled in his eyes as he pretended to gaze at the children for cover. The energy of the lie was surging through his system. He was confined to the ritual of the live camera. He could barely contain himself - like father, like son. A few weeks later, at Ground Zero, he unsheathed a bullhorn high in the air as he stood king of the pile of rubble. They cried for him to “Save us!” He relishes the deception as he slowly thought to himself, “These people are stupid.”

We will not find the culprits of 9/11. This was a ritual rape and pillage of a city, its government, and people. Every kind of evil from every crack and corner crawled into the city. They knew the time. They knew the location. The forethought is the pure evil of 9/11. It still lives with us. You see it in the face of its disinformation. Sweet men with soft eyes, perched atop mushrooms, tickling our ears with a rainbow of smoke from a tube. The doctors of misdirection played the heartstrings of patriots so desperately wanting to muster. We can’t even speak on how or who now. If we try, I will lose you in the kaleidoscope of misinformation. Instead, let’s be quiet together for a moment. Let us find ourselves in silence. We can meet in the one place we can truly hear each other. We all share a reverence for the truth. Let’s resonate with each other on the memory of what keeps happening to us. We have to wake up now.

Conspiracy is the magic word for sleep. We remain frozen in hypnotic tales of a magic bullet that killed a president; a $21 trillion accounting error; an intelligence agency that knew there were WMDs; the free-fall collapse of building seven from an office fire; or even a dozen box cutters taking out the most expensive air defense system the modern world has ever known.

We continue to breathe the voodoo dust of trauma. We have to wake up now. It is time to wake up.

David Rockefeller was declared dead at the age of 101 on the Spring Equinox of 2017. His legacy has been instrumental in establishing the United Nations as well as the Trilateral Commission. David welcomed a machine to this world on Sept 11th. He opened a doorway for a new world order. All of it controlled by his energy, frequency, and vibration. The Internet of Things. The wonders of 5G. He can't wait to show you all his plans for our future. No other creature has done more to push for the indoctrination of nations and children under the hands of a global central puppetmaster.

CHAPTER SEVENTEEN

Light from your Lips

A WASHINGTON D.C. millennial couple rode their bikes through ISIS territory on a campaign to prove humans were kind. They were murdered in the afternoon by the side of a road in Tajikistan. Both had been to college and were employed by our government. All over social media, people called these kids foolish for not knowing what's out there. But how could they know? We raise our children blindfolded. Dissonance is a form of violence society hands our children.

The quality of education in America proves society raises us like standing cows. They teach us just enough to digest the grass and pay the taxes. The elite limit our abilities and our technology. It's the only way they can feel like they're special. They have it all but still need that extra advantage. Here's a short list of things they don't teach us in compulsory education: carpentry, compound interest, jury nullification, body language, cosmology, hypnosis, logic, survivalism, farming, navigation, cult awareness, forestry, somatics, persuasion, listening, sociopathy, false flags, ancient archeology, first aid, game theory, self-defense, meditation, drug chemistry, triangulation and shelter-building.

The media keeps us naked in the mirror, fondling your sin with the door closed. We've got no clue what a window to the outside world even looks like. We are dripping in the shower with no towel. They pick out all the pixels that strike out our eyeballs and numb or ears. They're the same people that tweak the algorithms that whisper over your shoulder telling you what's trendy. The public square is a mind prison. We punch holes in its ceiling to draw more light.

We are learning to quench each ourselves in the soil. In this new world, we become the newscasters. We are a species of living information. The media's all-seeing-eye is a demented vision from a metallic leviathan. Truth never flows from a single perspective. The only real news is your voice. Open your mouth and shine light from our lips.

CHAPTER EIGHTEEN

My Fellow Southerners

MY FELLOW SOUTHERNERS,

The South finds ourselves held hostage by an emotional cult of believers claiming to be atheists. They have descended on our town with torches and web cameras. They are here to purge themselves and us of evil. Yesterday, they decided it must exist inside a statue. They tied a rope around its neck and pulled it over in broad daylight. They were howling at traffic and waving bats for the attention of cameras. These werewolves of the sunlight used to be our children. These children have turned our homeland into an island of lordless flies. They have come back for another lamb to feed their altar. We must not feed them again.

This cult believes in a queen they call anti-hate. They regard our first amendment as a threat to their collective. We are mutant bees unwilling to gather their pollen. They believe in an imaginary line where half the country took up arms against the other. They licked this history from the crevice of a fortune cookie. We must persist with our history set deep in iron and stone. These people will need it should their eyes ever awaken.

We must understand this sickness to defeat it. It is an apparition they have projected into our courtyard. This is cultural terrorism with jackboots and billy clubs. To take down our past in the cover of night is a surrender to shame in the morning. Shall we appease this cult impeccably? Let us muster outside and ring dark bells while chanting “shame” at the very material. To cleanse it properly in fire, we must smelt our dignity for a chance to see molten racism spill to our feet like some evil lava. We will tear into all of the hollow pieces so that every bigoted molecule can be sanitized in our

angry torchlight. Will we grin then in the satisfaction? How long till this invading swarm comes back for more?

Do stand up now gentlemen. Take a look with me out the window. These darting coyotes are insatiable. Today is the day to find the spine. You will not like these people any better down on your belly. We must not lose ourselves to groveling for forgiveness. This is a horde of social terrorists. I enlist you to speak out. Show this cult our genitals are more than a thought experiment.

CHAPTER NINETEEN

The Eugenics of LGBT

WHAT'S THE DIFFERENCE between LGBT and being in a genital cult? Seriously, I can't tell the difference. People are losing their identity to this movement. The media has been telling us the gay community is oppressed since the '80s. We keep believing that because humans are as giving as we are gullible.

When someone says, "I identify with being gay." They take a piece of themselves and give it to the identity movement. Now when they see the movement, they see themselves. This is projection, not equality. LGBT creates an elite class of victim and grants them special privileges. This creates a trauma bond by placing them in the role of the golden child. Dissonance with intent is a form of violence. Every side suffers in a pedestal relationship.

A class is defined by having more than one member. You cannot be the only queer. You cannot discover queer under a microscope. There is nothing queer we can isolate inside the human body. Joining a class is a choice made by the ego. It's a part of the inside clinging to something outside. Relating to something that's external and intangible is a belief system. This is what we call religion. LGBT is a religion centered around the genitalia. A government or an institution may sanction no religion. Equality must be labeled for what it is - social dogma. Laws that cater to any class are unconstitutional. Collectivism is evil. The only minority is the individual.

The equality movement is a eugenics program. The LGBT movement is a promise to never engage in reproductive sex. The LGBT agenda is shrinking our population. We sterilize ourselves with identity politics.

LGBT unites people under a pledge of anti-reproduction. The gay pride parade is a public celebration of no one seeing your bloodline again. Why is this something we should celebrate? Self-rejection is an initiation ceremony to the machine as another victim sacrifices their bloodline to the sigil of the rainbow.

CHAPTER TWENTY

Trauma Programming

TRAUMA PROGRAMMING IS a two-step process. Step one induces shock. Step two induces programming. When you freeze a mind in terror, its receptors become dilated like pupils. The programmer can insert the script like an eye drop. Ingestion is automatic since it bypasses the reason. In trauma, you are working directly with one's reptilian brain. A mother uses trauma programming when she finds her toddler playing with a fork near an electrical outlet. Mom can't reason with her child about this; it's far too dangerous and important. She must program him immediately. She induces shock by broadcasting terror with her face, voice and body language. She uses touch to strike a sense of urgency into the skin like a lightning bolt. She might even smack the child on the bottom to induce a state of hypnotic reception. She knows when she has his attention. Her patient is frozen like a statue. She inserts her program, "John Jacob Schmidt! Don't you ever do that again!" Jacob is beside himself with fright. This state lasts for a moment, and then the shock is over. As reason returns, he begins to cry. The programming session is complete.

Trauma programming also works in a group. The steps are the same. How do you traumatize a country? You shoot President John F. Kennedy in broad daylight. The assassination induces shock across the entire population. Next comes the programming. A story is inserted about a single magic bullet from a communist janitor. People in shock don't ask questions. The mammalian center of the brain has been subdued. The reptilian has pushed itself into the captain's chair. However, a snake will always bite at what he is given. Buzzwords like "A dozen box cutters" are swallowed like

mumbling flies. Trauma turns an entire nation into alters. Look at how quickly we accept a story since JFK. Look how we still buy narratives like Parkland. America is a nation of alters.

On the morning of the Parkland Ritual Shooting, five armed men in a white Ford pickup rolled up on campus. Two were wearing badges; the other three were in black Kevlar. They geared up at the truck in silence. The adrenaline was flowing. Like clockwork, the school's shooting drill began with a bell. The contracted ritual killing had started. The driver stayed in the truck. The other badge got out to use the radio. He waited for his men to take the position. He would hear them when they were ready. Each of the three men wore the same black mask. They each took a floor and in unison began shooting across the hallway. They were corralling stray students back into their classroom. Any eye-witness was targeted directly and murdered. Seventeen witnesses died in the ritual.

According to the police scanner audio, the officer was asked directly for a suspect description. His answer was, "Shooter is a man. His name is Cruz." But, this is not a suspect description. Nor does it paint an accurate picture for other officer's to identify the suspect. A proper description sounds like, "Shooter is a white male five-foot-nine inches. 130 pounds. He is wearing a gas mask." Don't forget, Parkland's on-site officer, who knows the kids personally, was off campus during a school shooting drill. Every part of Parkland and Cruz's story doesn't match up. The nation swallowed it without question. This is the same district as the Ft Lauderdale shooting. The same community claiming to be ground zero for the Zika virus. The same district run by Debbie Wassermann Shultz. This district has been programmed before.

Parkland is one of many false flags. America, a society of alters, has learned to accept them. We call them "tragedies" so they hurt less. We update our profile pics in a ritual to forget them. Trauma programming is the key to mind control. We are living survivors of satanic ritual murder. We are still under its spell. We have to wake up now.

CHAPTER TWENTY-ONE

The Vanderbilts

MY DOG BUTTER is mostly an Australian Shepherd. Years ago, I was visiting a farm in Tennessee. It was getting late, and he broke free from the property. He ran up a hillside at least a mile away and began to gather cows in the setting sun. He gathered five of them and corralled them back down to the barn. He had transformed into this strange strategic wonder dog of nipping and yelping. He was fearless under their stomping hooves as he placed each one inside the fence. He returned when he was finished to sit by my feet. The whole time this was happening I was trying to command him to stop. He would not listen. Butter was not my dog anymore. He was running a program. He was an alter. The cows and the sunset had triggered him. I have had this dog my whole life. I assure you he has not been to cow school. We say these abilities are bred into the genes, but science does not claim to understand the exact mechanism. Genes hold a variety of programs locked inside a morphic resonance. Things like hereditary mannerisms, a spider's web, a corralling sheepdog, or even a ritual murder are all examples of programs. In every case, the bloodline is the hard drive.

A mind control alter is essentially an algorithm that runs through the nervous system. We are all born with alter programming. Like a spider's web, some of our skills are recalled, not learned. These skills are ancient trauma programming hard-coded into our epigenetics. Alter programs are installed through the cycles of trauma and survival. Evolution itself is an intense, yet slow form of trauma programming.

How do you make an alter? You induce trauma. You keep inducing this until the automaton emerges to the surface. This is the essence of trauma

programming. To preserve a trauma program hereditarily, you use a transmittable bloodline. The Rhesus (Rh-Negative) blood type is the best-reported vessel for hereditary preservation. Royal blood is programmed blood that's been passed down for centuries. Real historical figures like Vlad the Impaler were programmed as alters with cannibalism. It made their family bloodline ruthless and successful. Powerful families stayed powerful by raising psychopathic killers who would protect their legacy with brutality. This behavior emerged as a form of elite survival. Our nations are still ruled by these same alter families because of this trauma programming. Trauma runs below our consciousness. We don't have to be aware of it for it to unfold. An alter is a zombie under an ancient spell of energy, frequency, and vibration.

There are thirteen Dark Mothers. Gloria Vanderbilt is one of them. She knew eleven by name and only seven in person. She often dreams about her Dark Sisters. There is always a big circle in a vast open cavern. All of them are contracting together in a ritual. They are pushing out their offerings in unison. Gloria is on all fours like an animal. She is clawing at her silk ritual drop cloth. Her ass is as high in the air as she can place it. Like the other mothers, she is presenting herself to the center circle. She is birthing her offering for the Queen of Darkness. All of the Dark Mothers are contracting in unison. Giant drums of taunt human skin are pounding in the background. Gloria wants to know who is at the center. She turns to behold the face of the Queen of Darkness only to find herself awake in her bed. She always woke at this part. Gloria was horizontal and defeated. She asked herself again why she could not see this dream through.

Gloria did not know she was an alter. She knew she had these dreams, but she considered herself a profoundly spiritual artist. She had all the money in the world to convince herself she was gifted. Her family was among the chosen. She believed her purpose was to share her artistic vision of pattern and form. She was a trendsetter. Gloria never considered ritualistically killing one of her children. Just like my dog Butter, she had been programmed a long time ago. All she needed was to hear the trigger, and she would run the trauma program known as Dark Mother.

Gloria could not rest her mind comfortably anywhere inside a solid patch of color. Any form of stillness or serenity drove her mad with rabies. Every surface of her life had to be splintered and minced with a pattern. She found the darting of her eyes to be soothing. Gloria's DNA was vibrating

from centuries of programmed trauma. She was a cauldron of madness fueled by the trappings of dynasty and dopamine.

The Satanic ritual murder of Carter Vanderbilt Cooper began one afternoon while he was napping. Gloria turned to page 25 of her The New Yorker Magazine and read her trauma program trigger. It was a single sentence from a story called White Angel. She instantly stopped all of her jitterings as her mind went still over the story. It was July 22nd, Mary Magdalene feast day. Her pupils had dilated into sunken black saucers. She started her program and transformed into a methodical spider. Gloria folded a finger inside the magazine and told herself she must share it with Carter. He had come home to mourn the recent loss of a girlfriend. Gloria found Carter on the bed in his older brother's room. "I'd like to read to you for a bit," she said, as she sat calmly beside him. Carter noticed something different about his mother, but she interrupted him saying, "You'll feel better." She opened the magazine and began reading the story of the White Angel.

Carter had heard this same story as a boy. He did not remember it though. Not yet. It was a tale of two brothers, a voyeuristic sex act between them, a dose of L.S.D., and it ends with one of them bleeding to death after bursting through a plate glass window. Carter listened to his Dark Mother read him his trigger. Carter's pupils also dilated as his biology spun up his alter. He became compelled to take himself out the window. Carter rushed over to their 14th story balcony and straddled himself over the railing. He turned to his mother and shouted, "Fuck You! … Will I ever feel again?" Carter let go and fell to his death. The ritual of the Dark Mother was over. The program had ended.

Gloria didn't register his fall. Nor did she look over the edge to try and face it. She had already picked up a phone and was dialing. She caught herself and hung up quickly. She just stood there, in the same room as what just happened. The calmness of her alter was still leaving her body. The splintered banshee had returned to haunt her visions. She decided it was time to redecorate. She shook her head abruptly to reset. She again dialed the building lobby and felt inconvenienced by the wait for an answer. Her fingers were trembling. She would be feeling the weight of her son's death soon. If only in tiny confetti pieces.

Gloria Vanderbilt is a bloodline alter. Her entire life was made to run this trauma program. When we say, "These people are stupid," alters don't

know what they do. They are born fractured like a drone awoken to service the hive till slaughter. To serve the family, each of them must be empty inside. Satan is a vacuous machine, not a consciousness. The Dark Mother, Gloria Vanderbilt, has reinforced her bloodline's programming with another generation of trauma. She still doesn't know what happened.

CHAPTER TWENTY-TWO

Excalibur of 9/11

LYRA WAS SEVEN. It was lunchtime on a Friday and a sunny day for November 22nd. Her father was speaking to the manager in the service station's office, and Lyra had just met them in the doorway. She decided they would enjoy her interruption. She saw a gun reach out above her like a tree branch. A trigger was pulled, and a bullet went straight through her father's temple. Like a cow in a slaughterhouse, he fell instantly. The floor thumped where the leaking sack of organs had just landed. Her father was gone now. Lyra was frozen when she heard the next shot. She was still staring at the last place her father's head had been. A clock on the wall remained in the vision showing it was 12:38. She saw the black second hand snap a single notch past twelve as the second body hit the floor. This one did not creak when it landed. It slumped quietly on top of the first one. The entire thing was over in a breath. Lyra was scooped up in a rush. Her world turned into a sideways blur as she bounced like luggage in the arms of the kidnapper.

That was seventeen years ago, and Lyra is trembling in the warm sunlight. She's an adult now, but sometimes she can't stop shaking. Her shoulder blades will vibrate like a bell that can't be muffled. It happens mostly around lunchtime when it's sunny, or there's a clock around. She realizes she can't drive in this condition, so she leaves the truck running and slides across the bench seat making herself a passenger. Lyra is waiting for Sam. She thinks he saved her life when her father was killed by a magic bullet. Sam is saving Lyra right now from the evil people in the bank. Lyra

calls Sam her uncle. When she explains how her father died, they always look up to Sam like he's a hero.

The glass doors of the bank kick open as Uncle Sam drags a man by his necktie out into the street. He takes the short-barreled shotgun off the man's chest and points it back inside to fire a cluster of shrapnel. The glass doors burst like a pinata and tiny glass beads explode in every direction. Sam's mask is pushed up on his forehead now. He sees Lyra in the passenger seat and yells for her to open his door. She has already opened it when she hears the next burst. The stranger in the necktie is now a tendered carcass on the blacktop. Her uncle throws a large duffle into the truck bed, puts the transmission in gear, and drives over the bleeding speed bump. Lyra sees a person in her door mirror she used to remember. She has lost the power of reflection.

That was yesterday, and Lyra stopped counting bodies a long time ago. This is her life now. She's sequestered in an empty barn surrounded by a field of abandoned weeds as high as her elbows. She is waiting for it to get dark while she digs a trench of oatmeal out of the bottom of a metal cup. Sam is spread out snoring comfortably on the bench seat with the doors open. She is in her twenties now and addicted to trauma. She would be dead if she weren't.

After sunset, Lyra left the seclusion of the barn and crossed the field towards the creek. She was spreading herself a path through the grass like a curtain. She washed her armpits and thought about the man in the necktie. Sam said he was going to kill both of them. For the first time, she wonders if that were true. She reminds herself that Sam isn't her uncle. Yesterday was the first time she saw him kill someone with his mask off.

What could you say to Lyra right now to awaken her? Could you say anything at all? Could you approach her as a stranger and have a rational conversation about what happened to her dad? Would she trust you if you told her Sam was the one who did it? At what point do we call Lyra an accomplice? Is she supporting her Uncle? She can reflect, but does she? Can she? At what point is it not okay for her to go along with the trauma program? All we have is a clock on the wall that tells us what time it is. We see another anniversary come around and we tense up until it passes. We can do more now.

JFK and 9/11 were satanic ritual murders. Our country is a zombie in the trance of those traumas. We are a nation of trauma survivors. Our

elected Congress walks in public darkness about what happened. They dangle toys like racism and tennis shoes to distract us. For fifty-five years our politicians and media have pretended it was “a magic bullet.” They have pretended it was “a dozen box cutters.” They have pretended an office fire pulls a building. They pretended WMDs were the motivation for invasion. We are all addicted to the lies of trauma. It opens doors for them and makes us passive obedient and comfortable. It drives us into an abandoned barn to hide out until sundown. Whom does a child of trauma serve but the person she thinks will protect her?

The moment you awaken to the truth of America, your entire world shatters. Everything around you becomes tainted in blood and murder. It gets harder, and it feels darker. We live in a psychopathic propaganda-driven playground where they lie to us for sport. Evil is sleeping on a leather bench seat while we dig for oatmeal. We are a trembling seven-year-old locked inside a fifty-five-year long nightmare. Even our salvation is tainted when we understand our complicity. Imagine the distance required to slide us out of the passenger seat and back behind the wheel as the driver. This can only happen with the strength of reflection. Man’s most potent weapon is compassion. This compassion is a crucible of power; the very source of love’s gravity. Truth is a flaming sword called Excalibur. Wherever we point it, darkness sizzles. To awaken is to pull this sword from the stone. We are making truth king again. We are reclaiming this land in the spirit of truth as intended.

May we raise two towers in our hearts this September 11th. May we harness the power of compassionate reflection. The first tower is JFK. Raise it in your mind now. Rise it out of the waters of reflection. You know it wasn’t a disgruntled communist working in a bookstore. You know it was our government. Keep this tower up in your mind’s reflection. Call it the north tower. Tower 1, the first trauma.

The second tower is 9/11. Raise the memory of 2,996 people in both buildings. See the lie of the impossible phone calls, a dozen box cutters disabling the world’s most powerful air-defense system. See the lie of a boxcutter taking out four commercial airplanes, five buildings, two skyscrapers, and the Pentagon. See the day after trillions of dollars missing. See a Bush son nodding in approval. See the group of Israelis celebrating the documentary. See four more world banks falling. See three more

countries change hands. See a splintered nation walking in trauma trying to find its reflection. This is the South Tower. Tower 2, the second trauma.

America is trying to remember. Pull Excalibur from your stone and point it straight into the darkness. Awareness is a flaming sword of truth. Give it your passionate fire as a beacon. Those still under the satanic spell will find our light and stop shaking long enough to remember. Let your reflection be a sacred lake. Take up this holy sword and wield it. We have to wake up now. Every one of us. It's time to wake up.

CHAPTER TWENTY-THREE

Manchurian Idol

I HEARD RUMORS of the blinding genius of Barack Obama long before he was elected. He had a talent for giving speeches that sounded pleasing. He stretched the oratory from his beak like a refined chewing gum. He wagged his finger like a hotdog weiner while he preached. He sounded fantastic as a tenor. He rose from the corrupt pit of Chicago winning each election by disqualification or landslide. The party's blue cardinals saw their fortune in the white smoke. Barack Obama was the Democrats' new pope.

Every atheist I've met forgets that faith is an involuntary muscle. Lungs expel with faith so they can fill back up. Every breath is a belief in each lung's resurrection. Faith is the clutch in our transmission. Atheism has excommunicated faith from the lab and the classroom. It turns our politics into a game of admiration. This is what happens when there's nothing to worship but narcissism. Barack Obama won the Nobel Prize in Identity. Barack Obama is snake oil on a pedestal. He is the bottled tincture of mind control blotted on our minds. He is a Manchurian shame idol collecting reverence among the intellectuals. They drop 2% of their net worth in the anti-god offering plate.

We are surrounded by false idols. They live here on Mt. Olympus behind a fancy gate. Obama vs. McCain was Manchurian vs. Manchurian. These puppets dance in more than just our politics. Culture is riddled with prophets. Einstein and Hawking. Nye and Tyson. Madonna and Britney. Man needs belief to run like a gasoline. If we don't believe in ourselves, or God, we believe in puppets. There is a reason we don't talk about creation.

When people think there is no God, they assemble themselves and choose one.

CHAPTER TWENTY-FOUR

Gnosis of Missile Craters

IF YOU CAN see a hunter in full camouflage, you are using the power of gnosis. This requires an understanding of hunting equipment and the shape of the human body. It is only through this wisdom that you can discern the danger from the scenery. Once you understand the threat, you know its shape in the wild. This is the power of gnosis.

We can use gnosis to find the psychopathic elite entrenched in our government. The truth of the Lusitania gives us gnosis into the Gulf of Tonkin. The Gulf of Tonkin into Pearl Harbor. Pearl Harbor into JFK. JFK into 9/11. The clues are everywhere once we accept the possibility. Our eyes must be willing to see the danger. They must awaken from the false reality of being safe. If we don't do this, the trauma will keep ringing like a bell.

A vast human trafficking network was uncovered in Haiti. Laura Silsby was caught on its border kidnapping thirty-three children during a natural disaster. Her camouflage was a humanitarian mission rescuing orphans. Just like the hunter, she was hiding in plain sight. Once you know the danger, it becomes easier to accept elite psychopathy is real.

When you look at the damage to the Pentagon on 9/11, your first thought would be to accept the narrative that a Boeing 757 hit and disintegrated on impact. You might also accept the narrative that Flight 93 went down in Shanksville and also disintegrating on impact. The power of gnosis allows us to unfold the picture. Understanding the psychopathic threat reveals details like the light poles still standing at the Pentagon, or an eyewitness report of a "tiny plane" no bigger than a vehicle in Shanksville. One can use gnosis here to reveal the true story of what happened. Gnosis

searches online to reveal the Air Force JASSM. Our military stocked 2,000 of these autonomous air-to-ground precision missiles as early as 1996. A JASSM could hit the Pentagon yet still be small enough to dodge the streetlights and disintegrate on impact. This same missile in Shanksville left its signature crater in the field. If the plane parts are missing, there were no planes. This is what gnosis gives you when you ask, “is that true?”

Awaken your gnosis so that others may awaken theirs. Let’s uncover psychopathic rat holes together. All it takes is the wisdom to understand the threat is real. This tells us what to look for, and the enemy reveals. Exercise this skill daily in public. Call bullshit when you see it. Make it uncomfortable to ignore gnosis. Wear it like a handgun in a western saloon. Remind everyone there is danger in the wilderness. The illusion of safety is the camouflage of the hunter. He wants you to feel like everything is fine. Gnosis tells you otherwise.

CHAPTER TWENTY-FIVE

Reptilian Space Pope

IF I WERE a psychopathic cabal with 21 trillion dollars, I would probably build a reptilian space pope. I'd splice the genes of a reptile with a human and create a hairless hybrid simpleton I could control from my cell phone. I'd power it with photosynthesis and keep it under a grow light for charging. I would use some of my trillions to create a mystique with books and movies. I would have complete control of my engineered archetype. I'd experiment with my space pope by inserting it into the collective mind. I'd adjust some dials here-and-there until I had it perfect.

I'd want it to feel benevolent, reverent, and completely disarming. I'd want the public to think it was highly evolved. I'd give it a backstory that it came from the stars and was billions of years older than we were. I'd make it a little shorter to feel less-threatening. I'd give it big eyes like a kitten. I wouldn't make it too muscular or even too attractive. It needs to feel disarming – like a sleek and sterile butler. My space pope could tell the whole world how bad they've been. It would say to us we destroyed our environment and it had no choice but to stop us. My space pope would convince all of us we were incapable of governing ourselves. It would tell us to dissolve our ego and enroll in its ascension program. It would offer the promise of higher consciousness. It would speak of transcending gender and personal boundaries. It would disarm people psychologically and make them feel selfish to resist. It would install the shame of xenophobia to override our natural defenses. It would recreate the very same prison pyramid we fight today except made out of beautiful crystal. It would distribute fame to anyone who obeyed the signal. It would designate a few

humans as prophets and give them secret black-ops information to reveal to the others. It would be a religion of science, not faith. It would be dressed as a spiritual movement. It would put the entire planet into a yoke of oppression with everyone smiling. Everyone's heads would be in the sky instead of looking over our shoulder.

I would consider this reptilian space pope my great work. I might even call myself the wickedest man in the world for inventing it. I would claim to have opened a sacred portal on the magical lake in Loch Ness, Scotland. I would piggyback my space pope on the psychic energy of the magic sea dragon, Nessie. I would call my little space pope "LAM," which is evil spelled backward. I would leave a sketch so people would know it was my creation. I would do everything I could to make LAM a reality.

All of this, I would do, if I were the wicked, Aleister Crowley.

CHAPTER TWENTY-SIX

Psychology of Big Bang

BIG BANG IS the only theory taught in school. It is the only opinion introduced or ever presented. It seems to be a form of mental programming. Consider the ramifications of believing in the Big Bang. It makes users feel small in a randomly exploded universe that's 13.8 billion years old. We don't feel important as a fish that crawled out of pond scum to fornicate into a monkey. We don't like being considered creatures from a black lagoon. We lose confidence in our humanity as a tiny cinder of a random cosmic detonation. The psychology of Big Bang controls our every outlook. It puts us on the outskirts of a spiraling arm, orbiting the center of a vacuous black hole eating every form of light without prejudice.

Moreover, none of this can be directly observed. These secrets were scribed by the hands of an elite few in academia. What is the weight of their feather on your mind?

Halton Arp pulled up to the train tracks and shut off his motor. He could have made it across, but he wanted to feel the train's energy. He got out and sat on the hood of his Buick with his arms folded. Stillness settled across his mind as he saw the train approaching. A giant steel centipede of wheels and coal was barreling down the track and Halton was as cool as a cucumber. He understood the universe and closed his eyes as the Doppler effect raised the pitch of the train whistle. He felt torque vibrating the road moments before a gush of wind smashed him in the face and kept pounding. He opened his eyes to a cold fast blur of metallic snake segments carving its thundering will through the atmosphere. Nothing can stop a train that's coming. Halton feels the rumble of passage in his kneecaps. The arthritis

was killing him, and he wanted to get home. The train was so loud Halton missed his cell phone ringing. There was a message waiting for him on his voicemail. He lost his job as the train was passing. He knew that call would come eventually. Halton didn't believe in Big Bang.

Big Bang cosmology is massively flawed. It contradicts itself in cosmic homogeneity. We see a universe of smooth peanut butter while a Big Bang model should look chunky. Our observation directly contradicts what we are taught yet the scientific community still enforces it. The Big Bang is cosmic dogma. The Big Bang is based on telescope redshift measurements. Redshift is like the Doppler Effect of the train whistle but with starlight instead of sound. The pitch of the redshift determines the direction and momentum of its signal. It's why they think the universe exploded. It's how we measure its size, shape, and distance. The redshift is the keystone of astrophysics and the cornerstone of Big Bang theory.

Deep past the northern wing of the Milky Way galaxy is a little known binary star system. The bigger star is sucking the tail out of the smaller star like a frappuccino. Halton discovered these stars presenting a conflict of redshifts. They should be light years away from each other. Here they were, one drinking the other like a liquidated coconut. Halton added this image to a collection of 386 galaxies in his, Atlas of Peculiar Galaxies. His colleagues had finally had enough. They cleared their throats as they explained the observatory owed the scientific community an obligation to not squander the facilities' resources on claims that have little or no merit.

The Big Bang universe has always had a significant weight problem. To compensate for the physics, they invented a substance called dark matter. Big Bangers insist 96% of the universe is hidden in a veil of darkness. Dark matter or dark energy can only be perceived by a few elite theoreticians, each of whom's work depends on the accuracy of redshift. The clergy of academia is as rampant in astronomy as it was in climatology. How does dark matter psychology change your experience? Do you feel more confident being told you only have 4% visibility?

How much does Big Bang's feather weigh on your mind as a belief? How small are we in an ever-expanding explosion? How weightless, rudderless and unimportant is a man in a soup that's 14 billion light-years across and still spilling? Evolution is expensive psychology in a cold vacuum that doesn't match our observations. So why is it such a large part of our programming?

Please think of the weight of every feather placed on your mind by our programmers. Do you stand tall under the psychology of Big Bang? Beware the theory that makes you into a kernel of gruel in dark cosmic spittle. You are a living Sequoia of breathing skin with feet. Let the moon see your fingertips reach for splendor. Unlock your psychology from the barrel of monkeys. Place yourself back in the center of a torus. Make this your universe and take its feather as your new psychology. How heavy is your mind now?

CHAPTER TWENTY-SEVEN

Relativity is a Psyop

THE WHISTLE BLOWS, and your heart starts pounding as you sprint down a dusty line of white chalk in the dirt. You round third base and head into home plate like your bedroom is on fire and you have to save G.I. Joe. There is no catcher or even a baseball – just a summer counselor with a whistle and a stopwatch. The game is drunken baseball, and you've won it three days in a row. You rush in like an athlete and place your forehead on the tail of a baseball bat planted on home plate. With your fingers gripped high around the neck you stare down the barrel of pine. Your still world starts a slow spin cycle as your body turns counter-clockwise in a spiral. Everything around you blends in a whirl as you enter general relativity. You are a living gyro as a voice yells out each revolution. One. Two. Three. You are in control. Four. Five. Six. You have acquired some wobble in your orbit. Seven. Eight. Nine. You have a liftoff and cut your main thrusters. Your fingers release the bat as it falls back to home plate like a spent rocket booster. Your head is in a free twirl as you straighten your spine and set a vector at first base. Your flight path telemetry reports multiple errors. Your gyroscope is spinning itself sideways against the massive objection of gravity. Your cochlea insists itself as your craft runs straight into the dugout. The counselor laughs, and the game of drunken baseball is retired.

Relativity says our planet has four North Poles. Relativity insists we are rotating around the sun at ten times the speed of sound while spinning 1,000 miles per hour on our axis. Relativity told us this was all from gravity in a vacuum. But space is not a vacuum; it's made of aether. Gravity is the 600-year-old mythology of Isaac Newton, and it predated our discovery of

electricity. Einstein's special relativity placed Sir Isaac Newton on a pedestal while dismissing the work of Nikola Tesla. Einstein was a prop, not a scientist. The psyop of Einstein rejected Tesla's aether by insisting all of the measuring sticks were warped by spacetime. Einstein was dismissing real data from theoretical conjecture. Einstein didn't even have to prove himself. He called it, "special relativity."

> "The [Theory of Relativity] wraps all these errors and fallacies and clothes them in magnificent mathematical garb which fascinates, dazzles and makes people blind to the underlying errors. The theory is like a beggar clothed in purple whom ignorant people take for a king. Its exponents are very brilliant men, but they are the metaphysicist rather than the scientist. Not a single one of the relativity propositions has been proved. Today's scientists have substituted mathematics for experiments, and eventually, build a structure which has no relation to reality." – Nikola Tesla (NY Times, 7/11/1935)

Tesla has always been right about the nature of our world. Tesla believed in an electric universe. Relativity gave us black holes. It invented dark matter and dark energy. Planetary spin and even gravity. None of these things have ever been observed directly. The pillars of academia are built on the hunches of monkeys. Einstein wanted to join these notions together in a grand unification. As if clumping them into a pile made each of them more digestible. Einstein's colleagues rejected his mythos by showing him quantum mechanics. Tesla had already solved the world. Science wanted relativity. No one questions the expert. No one asks if it's true.

When you study the photos of Hiroshima and Nagasaki, the debris resembles a firebomb attack with conventional ordnance. We are told they were nuclear attacks despite both of these cities repopulating the following year. Everyone knows the indisputable equation E=MC2. Just as everyone is convinced the Big Bang is undeniable. Science prophets like Stephen Hawking lived to be 76 despite having ALS with an average life expectancy of 2 – 5 years. Would it be the first time a voice was scripted for an agenda? Will it be the last? Psychologically, there is no difference between having a nuclear bomb and holding the illusion of one. The dream of atomic weapons is a kind of fear possession. The very first Daisy attack ad for the

1964 Presidential Campaign Ad was brought to you by the psyop of relativity.

Consider an Electric Universe. Picture yourself still for a moment. Create the universe in your mind and stomp the brakes. Stop all your rotations and orbits. Bring it all back down slowly. In each deep breath, slow your orbit around the sun. Slow below the sound barrier where you can hear yourself think again. Keep going. Feel yourself spinning down more and more. Find the sensation of still. There is no orbit. There is no rotation. We are perfectly still. Stillness is the silence of motion.

Truth is a form of meditation. You are home now. All you can honestly know and trust must come through personal experience. The world is riddled with whispering spiders. They cannot lie to you from this new center. Relativity is mental programming. It turns your mind into a gyroscope. In the spin, a mind can't feel the leash. Find rich confidence in the stillness of the universe. There is only one north pole, and we all share it. There is one ground. Take off your shoes and plant your feet deep in the soil. A zillion electrons gush their way up into the circuitry of your skin. Breathe plasma from the center of a single still world. Your home is a flat plane.

CHAPTER TWENTY-EIGHT

My Body's Trinity

HE LOOKED LIKE a human Fozzie Bear. I love Fozzie Bear. He displayed an intimate relationship with the Bible. He declared "Shalom," and the glory of Yahweh as his compass at the beginning of every video. I accused him of being a sociopathic vampire. I said he was peddling hope for profit. He explained how he would be willing to explain it all later. But for now, he wanted to focus on the children. He said patience was the highest virtue. I began to shrink in doubt. Kind women were backing him now with encouragement. They were asking me why I was so negative. My cowboy hat cast a tall black shadow across the thread. In moments like these, we either abandon our intuition or hunker down. I hunkered down and made a decision. Adrenaline surged in my fingers as I had my own back. I knew he was lying.

The truth is dropped, and lies are dangled.

Confidence comes from the decisions we make with our body, not our brain. The body electric is a three-piece band. Our lungs are its pipes. Our heart is its drum. The mind plays the strings. The body's rhythm cycles between 1-16 revolutions per second. We long to be in sync with ourselves and each other. Non-sympathetic vibrations can subtly influence our rhythm. We are led by the discomfort and subconsciously change our tune. Like the body, the Earth has these same three rhythms. The Schumann fundamental (7.83Hz) is the rhythm of her breath. The second order is the rhythm of her heart (14.1Hz). The third order is the rhythm of her thought

(20.3Hz). Imagine you controlling all three frequencies in your own body: your breath, your heart, and your mind. You could tune your body in sync with Earth's song. Your mind would pulse the very same frequencies.

A long time ago someone shoved a stick way up someone's nose and noticed it made them more stupid. We decided then that all of our thoughts must come from the brain. Later we cut someone's head off and noticed it kept talking so we decided the soul must be in the brain somewhere, too. We are programmed to think like we are heads in jars. But the brain is a router, not a processor. Your memories and urges are stored in your cells and organs. An organ transplant recipient will adopt many characteristics of their donors from cravings for food to adventure. We are endocrine systems long before we are gray computers.

Man is a trinity of decision. We are the combination of head, heart, and digestion. Sometimes truth is a brussel sprout. My lips always pucker at their presence. But truth rarely tastes like caramel and sugar. And taste is but a single dimension - an instrument of the head. We don't know the truth until it meets our digestion. How does one feel after candy? How does one feel after vegetables? Nutrition is discerned through the intestines. It takes time. Flavor is immediate. Digestion is a process.

Of course, our heart is the final critic. He sits at the table for hours and ponders. The anxious chef peeks through the porthole from the kitchen. The chef wants a verdict, but the fickle heart won't answer. He wants to ponder over his finished plate for a while. He is experiencing the room with the fresh meal in his belly. He is lingering in the afterglow of its side effect over a cigar smoked from a leather sofa. The heart knows a meal only after it is digested.

I discovered later, my body was right about Fozzie. He has a mob of angry people warning people about him all over the country. He uses religion as a shepherd's crook. He posts free plane tickets in exchange for a new bride's obedience. He's on marriage number six. Sociopaths hijack our empathy because we aren't taught to engage ourselves at every level. Don't be afraid to listen. Don't be afraid to be wrong. Don't ignore the body. It is your biggest ally.

CHAPTER TWENTY-NINE

Credibility of Silence

THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN telepathy and empathy is nothing. We are hairy sweaty dolphins with kneecaps navigating the world with emotional sonar. Dolphins experience sounds as a mandala. Our face is the sound of our feelings. Nothing lights the brain up more in an MRI than facial recognition. Nothing burns more calories than our thoughts. We are human empathy computers that have been hacked by a lying elite. Psychopaths have disseminated a million floating bottles with false messages. Each washes up on our shore and tear at our heartstrings. We are lost knowing which one to believe. We attack each other on the beach from the smoke of this emotional terrorism. That is until you see the face of Mrs. Kavanaugh. Everybody drops their bottle and sees her face so very clearly. If you want to look at how Congress honors women, watch Ashley Kavanaugh sit helplessly through her husband's statement.

There is credibility in silence. Mrs. Kavanaugh has it, and she never held a microphone. You could watch her face with the sound turned off and still hear every word as it was spoken. Dr. Ford was armed with a microphone and a cup of coffee. She was prepared by experts to be both cerebral and collegiate. However, we are empaths, and our words are mostly silly decorations. Dr. Ford felt justified lying about Kavanaugh because Dr. Ford never had justice. She morphed back into a girl asking for help with her microphone. That girl is the real victim. She is a ten-year-old trauma victim still living in an unjust world. She owes no one any special treatment — especially not someone who represents the very thing that failed her. There is no more significant symbol of justice than the Supreme

Court. But Dr. Ford does not know justice. She is still frozen in her regression. Her entire history makes her a corrupted witness.

Why would Dr. Ford give justice to Kavanaugh? She regards him as one of the guys that made it. It causes acid to form in her wound. She feels wholly justified making his world feel like hers. This is the essence of the equality movement. It's okay as long as we suffer together. Her testimony is credible because she recalls her trauma. A drunk man took her when she was too young to stop him. This is the meaning of "forced from behind." She wasn't surprised by his stealth – she was surprised by the violation. Her trust was raped at the top of the staircase as she was thrown into the bedroom. Ford said she couldn't tell if it was Kavanaugh because it wasn't Kavanaugh.

Anger is a natural reaction to injustice. Both parties are credible. Dr. Ford was sexually assaulted a long ago. Kavanaugh wasn't her perpetrator. The assailant in all of this is Dianne Feinstein, a Democratic Senator from California. She took Dr. Ford as her victim and forced her up the steps of the capital. She told a ten-year-old Ford to say it was all "cerebral" and "collegiate." Trauma is a somatic experience, and justice was robbed yet again by a committee of politicians. I was falsely accused a few years ago and walked through this same gauntlet. I have seen firsthand how trauma justifies victims to act in ways where no one has justice. Ford thinks if she can't have justice, why should Kavanaugh. Trauma is a dripping acid, and our government failed both of them just like they always have.

Feinstein repeated Dr. Ford's trauma by raping her trust on camera. Feinstein was completely sober when she did it. She planned it for weeks. She pushed the girl up the steps of the capital and sensationalized her trauma for the cameras. She turned Ford's real story into a lie and reduced it to a spectacle. She forced a political story into her head and demanded it looks cerebral. Ford trusted the wrong person again. These sharks surround us. Sharks will never be sorry. We are lucky if they kill us quickly. The worst thing that could happen is for them to bleed us from our bellies in the water. An alcoholic predator raped Dr. Ford. Her trauma is a reverberating regression. It is the opposite of time travel. Pain makes us selfish because it has to. The worst thing we can do is call Dr. Ford a liar. She is a survivor who still hasn't been rescued. Kavanaugh's daughter, age ten said, "let's pray for her." Let that girl be our representative. We are empathic creatures swimming in a tank of sharks like Feinstein. Ford will never know justice

now. She has been given dopamine instead. Her truth will skip this lifetime because of it.

Blind empathy is an insult. Discerned empathy is genuine compassion. Until we learn this, false accusations will continue. Our government failed us again in that hearing. Our representatives are killing us one-by-one for the sport. It is trauma to force us to watch it. They are filling the beach with more-and-more bottles, and we are giving them money to keep doing it to us. I know how we can get rid of these sharks. We don't even need a bigger boat. We have everything we need right in front of us. We must decentralize and disempower those who treat women like this. We have to stop pretending the government is doing the best it can. Dianne Feinstein is not failing our country by accident. She is here to gut you like she did Dr. Ford. She will only keep throwing more bottles. We need to stop reading her. We need to turn and meet ourselves face-to-face. We need to go back to using our empathy. This can never happen with a partisan statement on camera. Everything the shark says is a lie — every single word.

CHAPTER THIRTY

The First Supper

INSIDE THE STONE castle, there was a large dining hall. In the center sat a large square black onyx cube. A round table of ash wood was built around it. On this cube, inside this ring, a man named Saturn would eat one of his children. But, he would not rip his child's head off like in the famous painting. Saturn merely licked his fingers from the job. He would chop his son up into bite-sized pieces in front of his family with a cleaver. Saturn gave no warning as all of his children sat for dinner. Saturn called his precious son Tiamat over as his voice demanded the room. Young Tiamat obeyed as he approached his father's throne. Saturn cupped his son's neck like a fresh sapling tree and proclaimed, "My sweet, fresh, Tiamat, I have prepared your destiny. Tonight you will feed your brothers and sisters. You will prepare us a meal so memorable; my name will live forever." Tiamat gulped at the honor and asked innocently, "Father, what shall I prepare us that could be so memorable?" Saturn pulled his son's face into his. He gazed into the soft pores of his boy's skin as if to see the blood flow. He quietly shoved a three-pronged fork deep into his gut. He captured every last photon bouncing off the cornea as Tiamat fell into the abyss of his father's madness. Saturn ripped his instrument to the left and then the right. He ejected his trident as fast as it entered. Tiamat's shock agreed with the ceremony as his intestines spilled from his belly like a scooped pumpkin. Saturn pulled his son's carcass onto the top of the cube for everyone to witness. Tiamat was gargling spent blood, and his arms and feet were still convulsing. Saturn pinned his supple neck to the table like a fresh goose

and chopped his child to bits with the cleaver. The butcher gave all of his children an ultimatum, “Eat, or perish.”

Saturn was the first cannibal. He wanted his memory to outlive the sun. He would place himself as the dark ruler. He sacrificed every one of his sons to the trauma. Tiamat was only one survivor at the first supper. All of the children ate his pulverized body after his chunks were dumped into a stew. Saturn watched each child drink the bloody broth from like animals. Every piece of bone – every chewy string of tendon was swallowed. As they finished, Saturn demand they lick their fingers. He commanded each of them into a dancing orbit around the table. Each child began a march to the sound of their virgin trauma.

Saturn was the first elite. The first to decide his name was more important than his blood. Words are psychic tombstones, and his was immortalized in a black stone. A hexagon cloud mounts a maelstrom on the ringed planet. It spins the giant like a giant dreidel in its hex. Trauma is a phenomenon of vibration. We reverberate when we are hollow. We retreat underneath the flat crevice of our own feet. That time is over. Someone is whistling. We all agreed to a new era. A new gear has engaged the transmission. We are bodies again – not heads in jars. May our children spin around themselves slower than we did; if that’s all we can do, then we must.

The meaning of fire and ice is the alchemy of proportion. Love is perfectly warm. It neither burns nor pierces. It wraps itself around what chooses to be still. The spinning of trauma stops the effects of love’s absorption. We are told to keep spinning and spinning around a table. Each of us, with our eyes closed, each other on the black altar. We are ruled by the bloodlines of cannibals.

CHAPTER THIRTY-ONE

I Married an Alter

IF I KNEW then what I know now, I might still be with her. I might have tried another tactic after the last three hundred failed so miserably. I learned last week that I was married to an alter. Her mother was a twin from Nazi Germany. She was a child through the war and programmed by a family through wartime. I don't know the exact details of the trauma's origin. Their family line was traced back to the Black Forest when pagans walked naked in daylight. When I met her mother, she did not say, "Hello, I am an alter." I am as thick as I am clueless when I love someone. I decided long ago my wife must have been sociopathic. Now I have returned to the dusty chalkboard to erase that diagnosis. I scribe the word, "ALTER" under the white line of her equation. I will have to rethink everything now about her — about both of them.

My math is etched on both sides of a swinging easel on the middle of a lit stage. The empty audience chamber around me is as black as flat depression. There is no curtain or backstage. I stand where I used to, on a platform floating in flat white-noise like a scratchy wool blanket on the cheeks. I remember yelling up into the darkness. I was calling her name like a whalesong through the crushing water. I can barely handle being back in this place again. I spent three years locked inside this unsolved puzzle – I wanted my wife back. But there were two of her, and I was only loved by one of them. I made her six dragons of bamboo to court her dark side.

Readers ask how I know so much about alters. I dismiss this question as a nice compliment. Last week, a missing piece was discovered. My body began to unravel. I fasted as I traveled. My body grew slow as a turtle, and

my mind joined the creepy pace. The truth comes to us like swift pain. This pain was like childbirth as I transformed myself into involuntary labor. There is no pretending you sit behind the wheel once it starts. You are strapped to the front of the hood like an ornament. The identity of you is voided as you become action. My body dissolved itself like a cocooned caterpillar.

The truth was sprouting from my back like giant black wings. It ripped me open from my soft paper basket. It took me down through the bamboo reeds of a river. I see the truth. It's a monarch blinking from the branch. Now that I am years away, I scratch the answer in the silt bottom of a river with my toe. I am away from that reptile. I am outside and safe and whole again. But I was married to an alter.

Right now I feel guilty for not trying hard enough. As her husband I want her to have the meat from my hunt. I have finally gutted the answer. Its tender clean ribs are ready for the freezer. Its shiny ten-point carcass was my trophy after half a decade of hunting. I still have its puncture wounds in my belly. It tenderized me with its push for violence. I remember the night of bear mace followed by her telling me how cute my eyes looked all swollen. I was her little red raccoon. I remember her pulling me inside her vulva on a picnic table after a punch in the face. I remember two claws gouging my scrotum minutes after a sweet giggle. I remember the shame of me constantly staying, and the shackles of loyalty turned foolish. I was spun in the torture of reverberating horror from a medieval village. Finally, on my shoulders, I carry home the warm body of an answer.

A fork in her heart was jabbed centuries ago, and it still bleeds. The hot bile leaks from one side of the wound while the sweet milk gushes from the other. It was selfish to marry the sugar without the acid. The torture of two bodies in one sweater. We had a refrigerator magnet that said, “Two peas in a pod.” Those two peas were her and him. I tried to stay, but he would not let me. I wanted to tell her, but she refused to believe. I blamed her for him. I begged him for her. I was trapped inside the triangle of the alter. Her passenger is her animus. They love each other too much to stop the spin.

I remember the way she ate chocolate. She was meticulous, poised, and non-indulgent. I remember how straight her back was when I sat her at the dinner table. I remember how soft she made her footsteps. I remember how she nibbled on peppered green beans. I know now why her face was so dedicated when she pruned in a mirror. I see her far more completely than I

have ever seen her before. She gave all of her attention to detail. She became enraged when I exposed her feelings. She spun me in her program like a sewing spider. She could not understand why I was complaining. This had been her life since she was four. She was offended at my displays of self-protection. The pain of it all made me too selfish to see. I failed my wife. It took me three years to learn that she was an alter. This awareness makes my brain heal. It's been stuck in a loop, trying to process someone kind doing something evil. There is no confusion anymore.

CHAPTER THIRTY-TWO

American Rapture

WE ARE EXPERIENCING an American Rapture. It's no longer accurate to pretend this is about Democrat or Republican. Both parties have failed on purpose. Both said nothing about the truth of JFK. Neither stood up for the truth of 9/11. We have watched red and blue Manchurians bomb nations like a Pied Piper for refugees. Truth erodes without justice. I scroll through angry reactions to Kavanaugh's confirmation and see a trauma army being armed and activated. Today's siren is man-vs-woman. Equality is oppression wrapped in a rainbow. Hate is a trebuchet of flaming boulders. When you hate someone, you show them your power. When you love someone, you show them their own. This is a war now between self-hate and self-love – communism versus supremacy. We must tear down this wall. We must build up that wall.

Three brown boys, Jum, Muhammed, and Khalil, clung to the high ridge of a talon-shaped outcrop overlooking the Dead Sea. The boys boulder up like Billy goats in Velcro crampons. Jum crouched like a crab and kicked his way into a cave with his heal. He tucks himself inside the stone blowhole down into nature's bank vault. Three boys wrap six hands around seven clay jars. Inside was the Gospel According to Thomas. His words scribed their spiraling secret curled up like a sleeping leaf of tobacco. Thomas scribed a different meaning to the Cross. Your shoulders and spine are the Christ. A church rampant with pedophilia hides his words in a decrepit catacomb. The church never wants you to see the truth. A library burned, and a library concealed share the same motive. Each turn wisdom into a Molotov cocktail. Man's ignorance grows into a hunger. We are

gaping for knowledge like blind birds with our mouths open. The pious pretend there's nothing they can do now but pray. Or did they say, "prey?"

Thomas tells you your bones have always been the antenna. Thomas wants you to find the Christ in three dimensions. There is a trinity of strings inside you. Your mind, your heart and your gut strike chords in major, minor, augmented or diminished. Put down the binoculars and pick up the stethoscope. Place its chilly steel disc against your bashful skin and listen. This is the sound of a universe. Be as God to your earful kingdom. You are Lord of your body. Every cell is following your commandments. Your heart is an emperor's drummer with his eyes watching for your cue. You are the maestro of intuition, morals, and reason. Your pelvis wants you here seated. Your throne aches for the rule of someone just like you with no exceptions.

A rapture is a rising in the air to be with Christ. So rapture yourself now in the glory of your posture. Be straight, tall and thick as you plow through life's soil. Our bodies are antenna receiving the golden signal. God is the symphony of brass elephants and drumming gorillas. We are corrupted from the squawking of walkie-talkies in the trees. Inside our trinity, we may know the difference. Your mind may be fooled by ideas. The body may be numbed by trauma. The intuition can be neutered by shame. We are broken horses on the beach grazing in the hypnotic tide. It's never too late to break free for our children. Let's run for them now. Every colt and filly receives the energy from our surge. Let's bolt from the blinders covering our long skulls. We were slipped into metal caskets and trained for the starting gates to open. We race each other around the track in an endless circle. A thoroughbred has no freedom. His balls are shaved for television. His mane is crimped, and his hooves are polished with car wax. He grows weary of the trouble from his muddy footprints as he keeps pretending not to be pretending. Untie yourself. Place your center inside your body's triad and activate.

Men. Why do we not avenge our fathers? Why do we insist it's sufficient to hoist up a flag of outrage? We are at the carnival with a heavy mallet. We are slamming it into the target and seeing whose beef scores the biggest stuffed animal. We got the blue bear but hoped for the pink tiger. The only solace is a bumper-car to ram each other into oblivion from electric rat-tails sparking from the ceiling. A theme park always has high walls and security. We are gelded at the neck as they seal our heads in mason jars. Communism is a theme park for the spirit. This resistance is the

tantrum of a spoiled child. He had too many fantasies before he got here and the spun cotton candy is stuck in his eyelids. His belly is bloated as we drag him by his kicking heels back to the car. We will not let this place take another body. We will destroy this cabal.

Make your body great again. Give supremacy its place on the altar. The angry zombies clawing at the door are trauma, fear, and surrender. They are not our enemy; they are an obstacle. We run into the battlefield like a platoon of medics. Save as many as you can in triage. We only have so much time left. Shine your light into each eyeball and look for dilation in the pupils. Snap your fingers to test if their listening. Place your firm hand gently on their shoulder. Tell them it's time to wake up now. Tell them the rapture is here. Wipe their foreheads with a wet sponge and let them know they are worthy. Tell them to stand up in their Cross or be eaten by a machine. Red October is the death of communism. Red wave is the rush and gush of liquid blood pouring back into our vessels and sailing us into our supremacy.

CHAPTER THIRTY-THREE

Abortion comes with Flowers

WE SEND FLOWERS after a miscarriage. We send nothing after an abortion. Only one of these actions is congruent with our empathic nature. Both events are biologically identical. It is a trauma to have an abortion. Abortion is not a function of reproduction. We must at least admit this is part of our body and that we are participating in self-mutilation. Our political system weaponizes unclaimed trauma. We make armies of broken women who are told it was no big deal. They even go so far as to celebrate it. They are angry when we discuss it. If it is no different to expel a fetus as it is to cut hair then why are many so angry to talk about it? A discussion so trivial should not be such a threat. The only way to diagnose pain is to find where it is tender. This requires a prodding of the thoughts that reveal the exact condition. We can diagnose ourselves when we watch our projection.

She smuggled a bottle of wine and cheese into the hotel lobby after the concert. We were sharing a room with friends who were long ago asleep. We were still vibrating from the music. We were tipsy and giddy in Queen City. I held her arm while she tinkled in the middle of a park. I wondered how she could be so elegant while she did that. I juggled jokes between her giggles as we watched strangers in a city we had never seen before. Wine is a turned grape. It's a new life after death. It is a liquid resurrection. When wine touched her lips, she shifted. The juice unloaded her cup as she spilled pain and guilt she bore in barrels from her abortion when she was twenty. She called it "the" abortion. But it was her abortion. Here was a woman I wanted to know turned into a woman I wanted to take care of bawling in my lap on New Year's morning.

A hotel manager thought I had done something to her and came across the long colored carpet to investigate. He saw the cutting board of cheese and the bottle of wine. He insisted we get a room. His uncouth blindness of her unloading was infuriating. I gave him strong words tugged by stronger eyes. He took a tug of his own on his vest as his gold name-tag curtseyed. Mateo stomped away. She was forty-three when she told me. Two decades of trauma had spilled its business like popcorn in a theater. Her feelings were everywhere. I held her but noticed she was empty. She shrunk into a fetus from all contact. The memory was in her womb, so she kept herself high above the shoulders. She was the little old lady living in the attic of her empty mansion. Her body was dark from lack, and she kept it as a blunt instrument near the door in case of a burglar.

Abortion causes an evacuation of somatic presence. The first voluntary abortion ever performed was sadistic and shocking. The second abortion was the same only it felt not quite as shocking. The third was even less so. The tenth abortion felt more like a procedure. The thousandth abortion felt as like a reproductive service. The ten-thousandth abortion felt like a civil right. We normalize each other's brutality. We normalize what others do to themselves after we have it done to us.

Body trauma locks us in our heads. We experience truth strictly from the senses above the shoulders. This is why we mutilate ourselves in public. We mutilate for sanitation. We mutilate for religion. We mutilate for politics. We always mutilate ourselves for a "thing." We don't feel the truth of slicing pieces of each other to toss in the incinerator. We have to stop pretending what abortion is not. Abortion is not a tribal tattoo. Abortion is not a haircut. We have to start calling abortion what it is. Abortion is the mutilation of a stargate.

I keep a nature altar on my mantle. It begins inside an upside-down turtle shell stuffed with a rescued bird's nest found in the road. There's an empty bluebird shell perfectly cracked open. It rests inside a peach blossom of dried hibiscus. The flower's crinoline is surrounded by stones and crystals from sunny beings I met on tour. The altar is my divine basket made sacred from the unanimous sequence of objects charged with love. A mutilated body is an eternal survivor. The sacred turtle shell has been gouged and scraped. We are disingenuous to call this process access or reproductive. Mutilation is a funeral to a part of ourselves. Abortion comes with flowers.

CHAPTER THIRTY-FOUR

The Trauma Army

SHE SHOWED HER resistance by carving Trump's name in her skin. She took a picture and posted it on Instagram. She was rewarded for her self-mutilation. She was rewarded for turning her calf into a billboard with a President's name on it. The Dr. Ford experiment was a success. The Democrats already knew they lacked the votes. Dr. Ford was placed on camera as a trauma thumper in the desert. She was calling victims of injustice like some gigantic mythic sandworm from the dunes. The cracked voice of Dr. Ford sounded that way for a purpose. You can activate a trauma army with a simple story or facial expression. This technique is far from obscure. It's not accurate to relegate it to the files of MKUltra. We are all Manchurian voters responsive to tribal pressure and centralized media. None of us are in touch with our bodies as much as we could be. If so we would be living in a world where lies were never successful.

A trauma army has been mustering in this country for centuries. We were recruited psychologically, spiritually, and physically. Our victimization makes us zombies in the inevitable selfish spiral of our pain. Pain makes us selfish. This condition is intentional. We are kept in outdoor barracks on a psychological prison continent. The injected energy of news is always fear with a cliffhanger. We turn our tongues into bayonets for survival. They are sharpened continuously by false flag attacks activated from moving pictures. We've been trained to divide ourselves into teams of thought, color, and gender. We are a mosh pit in chaotic formation directed by an unseen conductor high on the cliff. He wears a mask to hide his

voodoo. The spiral snake in your back is his now as he takes command of your internal dynamo.

The sun is reading a magazine as it drifts down sky's river. Tiny fish bite the legs of boys in the shallow end of a lakeside swim park. Minnows munch like finger-sized piranha pecking the boys' legs with tickles. They are laughing at themselves for trying not to flinch. The first mutilation is a circumcision. This is a trauma disguised as sanitation to install a belief we were born unclean. The psychology of dirty is a powerful weapon. It keeps us out of the tips of our fingers and toes as we retreat from these extremities. We are shame in clothing. We are dirty as bugs. But bugs are cleaner than rain. We wipe scum on each other with our minds. We enter a trance of normalcy as we walk down the halls enlisted in basic training. After graduation, we rank ourselves by victimization and fall under the shape of the pyramid. We are trained to fight from two short blows of a whistle.

There is no secret technology to mind control. It is a biological installation of energy, frequency, and vibration. Your blood is a natural hot spring. Sink your awareness deep and break the pockets of dry flour as you blend them back into the warm batter of your cake. Place your electric roots deep down into each arm pocket like a sweater and tug yourself to the very end of each finger. Wrap warm orange roots around your spine connecting every organ. Raise the twisting kudzu of consciousness around your trachea and collarbones. Let the magnetic current surround your throat as soft electric wires thread themselves into your vocal cords and tongue. Fill the arched ceiling of your mouth with electric vines that cling to the capillaries and rebuild the cavern of your mouth. This space is your king's chamber. In one breath pluck your vocal cords and resonate your name across your lips like an airplane vaulted from the runway. Understand the greatest sin ever committed is the one we do to ourselves. Never leave your body. You will only end up in a trauma army mutilating yourself for street cred.

CHAPTER THIRTY-FIVE

Man is the Living Soil

WE THE PEOPLE believe in ourselves and each other. We the people have lost faith in our political parties and media. The time has come to hold ourselves responsible for the puppet we have created. Our country is rabid. It has been activated and spurred by an army of political terrorists. The media are corporate terror cells, and our political parties have been infiltrated by dual-citizens. These groups are subverting the strings of our country. They have lost our charitable trust. We do wrong to shelter them. They make no effort to serve the truth, and our freedom is no longer safe under their influence. We must hold the instigators responsible. We must step up to change our system. Media has formed a corporate mind cult dispensing emotional propaganda while our politicians are committing treason. Both groups wear lipstick and feed lies to a growing nation of zombies. There are too many sharks in the pool. There are too many snakes on this plane.

"I am the living soil." – Spoken aloud.

The federal government of the United States will be voluntary. There can be no exception. You cannot experiment with democracy under a centralized district. The current system is too corrupt and forced consent is an act of violence. Our nation has given psychopathy too much control. From now on, the federal government will have to compete for our resources. If companies are willing to pay multi-millions of dollars to put their logo on a NASCAR vehicle, they can do it for a jet fighter. Stenciled underneath the

pilot's name, "This F-15 is sponsored by the great state of Michigan and The Home Depot." Each of the states will go back to regulating their own militia. If America wants to attack Russia, each state can send as many troops as they deem appropriate. We will vote for war with our bodies – we give no one a rubber stamp. A political party is a secret society, and the media covers their allegiance with corporatism. Our representation by the media has failed us completely. They have forever lost our trust.

Let our states become bioregions. A bioregion shares a common climate that unites a people entrusted with its protection. This is the true meaning of love for country. It is a love for the living soil. Man is the living soil. My state of North Carolina has three bioregions. The coastal wetlands want something different from a government than the farmlands or the Appalachians. Bioregions can run like a constitutional republic – three branches of government, three systems of checks and balances. They can amend their own constitution; they create their own experiment in democracy. Each of our bioregions is united under one flag and the original Bill of Rights. Inside the bioregion are county seats and inside each county is a city or township. These will continue to run as public charters. A town serves the bioregion, and the bioregion serves the people. Our leaders will be our neighbors again. Our leaders will walk our streets and look us in the eye at the grocery store.

We will fine-tune the science of the neighborhood. Let's invigorate our nation locally from the block up. All of our federal tribute will be managed with the technology of blockchain. Like bubbling springs, each bioregion will compete for the trophy of who gives the most. We can spur a nationwide competition of volunteering. We will create a kind media where American Idol is replaced by American compassion. The only kind of socialism is volunteerism. From our soccer fields to our fire departments, volunteering is compassion-based local government. This is something everyone agrees on and something our media will never give its attention.

We will rebuild this country by mending the soil. Our compassion and our militia will be locally sourced. Our arms will always belong to the people. This is our country. It does not belong to the government. Government is the child of the people. Returning to a system of volunteering restores the seeds of compassion. It returns responsibility to our fingers. We can replace a coercive government with a government of compassion.

CHAPTER THIRTY-SIX

Electric Cobra

TEMPTATION WAS A snake from the Garden of Eden. It seduced us with a hunger for knowledge. Now its tangle of cords slithers from every wall outlet into our veins. Metallic fangs from rubber-skin charm us with 120 volts of venom. These snakes have infested our homes and village. We are raised on blue milk from the electric cobra. A hiss pours its juice from every socket and lamppost. The spirit of the campfire wonders why we decided to leave. I hear a new pitch rising in my ears as snakes shed their skin to slither in the air wirelessly. They learned to leap from the tops of towers as we birth a 5G spitting cobra with wings. We are a world addicted to the serpent of electricity. The very same snake offered Adam and Eve the first red pill. The apple gave up its bite so we may taste morality from a wet virgin tongue. The flavors of good and evil were good enough for eviction. Wrong or right – we are bitten now. We swallowed what was chewed. The venom is in our veins. We keep trying to spit it out but we can't. Knowledge doesn't work that way. Is it fair to ask God to forgive someone who knew exactly what they were doing?

CHAPTER THIRTY-SEVEN

Purple Witch of Honduras

HILLARY GREW UP in Chicago with a hatred for men and a severe control fetish. She developed an interest in witchcraft at Wellesley College. She met Bill Clinton at Yale in 1970. His infidelity fed Hillary's sadism and pushed her deep into the black arts. Bill was the perfect patsy to practice the art of possession. His sex addiction gave her the flail and crook. Knowing someone's addiction is the same as knowing their password. Bill Clinton was the pony Hillary always wanted as a child.

It was a June morning in 1975. The future First Lady of Arkansas pulled the first live rooster out of its basket. Hillary had seen this spell performed in Haiti. She placed its kicking body inside a bag in her kitchen sink. The creature was a tiny velociraptor struggling under the plastic. She could sense it suffocating under her power, and she liked it. She wrapped her fingers around its throat and recited the Vodoun phrase from the index card on the counter. Hillary had memorized every word of it on the plane. On cue, she twisted and ripped the bird's neck as her heart raced. She said the name, "Ayida" and felt a dip in her chest like she had just run over a speed bump. She pinched the spent cock's neck like a garden hose to stop its bleeding. This ceremony was a calling of power for her fiancé. She bathed Bill in the blood of forty roosters to make him the new Attorney General.

The very same day in Honduras, a mercenary caravan met at a private ranch owned by Manuel Zelaya. Fifteen people had been kidnapped and brought there including three priests, two women, five farmers, and some students. As Hillary wrung the blood from her last rooster, the five farmers were burning alive in a bread oven. The priests were castrated, mutilated

and left to die in the sun. The two women were dropped into a well still alive followed by a stick of dynamite. All fifteen were murdered by US-trained paramilitary forces. Manuel spent one year in prison for the massacre. In 2006, his son and namesake would be elected the next President.

It was Valentine's Day, 1977. Suzanne Coleman, age 26, was being fondled by the new Arkansas Attorney General. William Jefferson Clinton was trying to negotiate a deal to get into her panties. Suzanne was seven months pregnant and carrying his child. She was done with Bill now and his sex addiction. She had laid out her demands on a typed sheet of paper and walked out the door. It was Valentine's Day, and Hillary saw her husband's pregnant mistress come out of his office. The next day, Suzanne somehow shot herself in the back of the head with a pistol. The first of many suicides recorded in Arkansas sans autopsy.

Over the next four decades, the Clinton's would kill someone on average every four months. By 2009, the body count has reached over 120. These victims died by suicide, stabbing, gunshot, accident, or plane crash. These were investigators, employees, associates, criminals, and witnesses whose death benefited a Clinton coverup. Many were tied to CIA drug trafficking rings connected to Latin America. In 2004 Pulitzer Prize-winning Journalist Gary Webb was shot twice in the head for exposing them. His death was also called a suicide. The Clintons have been breeding foreign cocaine connections out of a small airport in Mena, Arkansas. The Clinton Foundation was their new base of operations.

In 2009, the Honduras Supreme Court led a coup against President Zelaya. Secretary of State Hillary was backing the mutiny. She went against her administration, the E.U., and U.N. demands to allow the country's elected leader to return from exile. Zelaya ran for his life to Costa Rica. During which, the country collapsed under the coup with a drop in employment and a spike in crime. Hillary delivering a broken Honduras was an offering to the Voodoo priest.

Three months later, Hillary and Bill met Nanzi in Haiti at his underground church. His ritual practices have been outlawed on the island since 1835. The three of them would participate in a defilement ceremony for Hillary. Only Nanzi can give her what she needs to win the White House. Hillary's ceremony would elevate her to his inner circle. This came with the ability to blackmail anyone in his network. Information is deadly to

those who have secrets to keep. This is why Hillary must participate in his ceremony. This is her secret for Nanzi to record. There is a price to slip behind another layer of the curtain. Hillary had been both dreading and lusting over her ceremony for nearly a decade.

The following night, Hillary ingests chunks of biological material from the orifices of the Nanzi, her husband, and several priests. At one point she vomited and was told to swallow it all again which she did willingly. She was here to prove she had no boundaries to keep. One of the priests sliced flesh from his arm and fed it to her like strips of bacon. She licked his gaping wound after swallowing his skin before she did the same from her thigh. A canopy of torchlight and cameras captured her depravity. The perimeter of the ritual pit was lined with strangers waiting to challenge her. Hillary pledged her allegiance to Kalfu as she gorged a man's soiled taint. In the first evening's crescendo, Hillary ate the living heart of an albino child she had purchased for the ceremony. By the second evening, she had pulled out most of her fingernails and some teeth. No one would stand in the pit with her any longer. The truth is Hillary was stronger than all of them. Bush, Obama, and McCain never had to work as hard as she did. But the elite who rule the world are men who would never accept a woman as their equal. Voodoo and possession were Hillary's only chance to slip through the gate.

Six years later, Hillary began showing signs of Kuru disease. It started with the loss of taste in her mouth and the frequent bouts of shaking. Kuru attacks proteins in the brain after the body ingests prions from human blood. It's a mad-cow disease for humans. Patients develop lacerations on the tongue and lose motor control. Hillary kept having spasms that sounded like she was cackling. Nanzi told Hillary he had a cure. He promised she'd have it when she won the White House. After the election, Hillary listened to Nanzi laugh at her through the satellite phone. He sang to her in Creole about the Voodoo criss-cross.

The Clinton body count is staggering. There are fifty-six dead police and military; twenty-three dead witnesses; twenty-two dead bodyguards; twenty suicides; sixteen deaths by plane crash; thirteen dead lawyers; sixteen dead staffers; eight dead journalists; seven dead interns; six dead Marine One helicopter pilots; and five dead medical professionals. There have been half a dozen additions to the list since Seth Rich.

Neither Clinton nor Zelaya is an anomaly. Politics, our State Department, the FBI, the CIA, and the Pentagon are all infected with psychopaths. Human predators are always attracted to a chain-of-command because following orders is mind control.

CHAPTER THIRTY-EIGHT

Wet Horse Broken

THE ELITE OCCUPIES a chessboard where every family is a color. The Orange Baron aligns with a Blue Knight while the Black Queen colludes with a Red Bishop. There are Gray Rooks gambling in the background. Kings are trading each other their pawns. Trump saw a darkness sweep through his backyard when Rockefeller tainted his island on 9/11. Trump only spoke of the tower's detonations once on camera. He gathered himself and thought about his options. He plays his pieces as best as any man. He saw an opportunity to move from Baron to Duke and alter the course of history. Hating the Black Queen gets him nothing but darkness. Serving her gets him close to her throat. This is Trump's art of the deal, and his entire epigenetic tree is on the board. The stakes and snakes could not be higher. There are good elite. They mostly work in silence. They do not interfere with a man's desire to mutilate his own power. They look forward to a new man who rises to his occasion. They are waiting for us to cross the limits of our self-imposed exile. They need your spirit to go wild again. They need you to bring awareness into your power. This is the true meaning of supremacy. You are God of your body living inside the body of God.

Back in the garden, there would be no shame. Nakedness dissolves like jigsaw pieces in a finished puzzle. A wild painted horse is grazing on the banks of a fast river. Sagan has skinned a mulberry tree and twisted and weaved the bark into a taut rope. He bites it inside his jaw to test its strength. He tastes the tangy bitter glue of seeping juice as it washes around in his gums. Sagan holds the high ground and pounces like a jaguar. He wraps his arms around the stallion's neck pushing them both into the

current. The horse keeps its head high above the water. Sagan slips his rein between its teeth with ease. Before the horse can round himself, Sagan is steering him deeper into the drink. Waist-deep on his captor's back, Sagan guides his mount to shore on the other side. Sagan broke his horse with trauma and training. The horse yielded its trust under the terror of drowning.

The spirit of man is a rising serpent. The philosopher's stone is posture and practice. We are broken by the mutilation of body, mind, and spirit. We call them all dirty. We mince our children into mathematical dimensions and smear them into an endless batter of space and time. Spinning ten-times the speed of sound, we buy today's top story of impending nuclear disaster. Political lies are a type of training through trauma. False flags are the drills of repetition. It becomes so difficult to sort through them all we switch on the autopilot. We are pushed into the river with trauma and bridled with psychological training. The stainless bit in our mouth changes the very taste of freedom. We'd rather numb our tongues then drown in the river.

The story of the apple in the Garden of Eden breaks a man like a wild horse. God would never forbid his child of fruit. We are worthy of every splendor. We fear our power rising inside and project it onto a forbidden bush. There is no secret soap. Our purity is rampant, and we are plucked perfectly from the tree. Truth is a vibration felt in our seed. Books and crosses are corruptible relics. God's word can only be heard in the tender silence. The echoes of trauma bounce through us like a canyon. Our ears are perfect. It's the bouncing sound of old pain that prevents us from listening.

In the city of Astana, there's a serpent inside a phoenix. The Thunderbird has launched from the banks of the Ishim River across from the capital. The phoenix and the serpent are the vessel and key. The land of Greater Israel is a broken horse coming out of the river with Trump on its back. Trump will fulfill his promise to all of his allegiances. Iran and Saudi will soon bow to a new region. The definition of peace will be a cessation from decades of violence. Israel will hold the reins of the region. This horse is Trump's gift to his ally. Jared Kushner is the groomed heir of Netanyahu. Ivanka is the groomed heir of Donald Trump. The elite has its own chessboard and system of leverage. Their lives are steered by long rudders that stretch back to the hands of their predecessors. Bigger vessels have a different kind of freedom and are less nimble in the harbor. Trump's sails

are stitched from a million fingers who expect something in return. He could never catch this much speed without their help.

CHAPTER THIRTY-NINE

Emancipation of Currency

A POD OF silver humpbacks surfaced to spray their morning victory into the virgin sunrise. The surf spills its secrets in tiny bubbles rolling off the salty tongue of crashing waves. The sun rises over a gold coast as it opens its eyes to the light. The air is cold and thick as fresh rays of orange and emerald shine through the tall teal troughs of choppy water. Over a hump of dunes, a sea snake is brought to shore by a golden eagle. The raptor rips cartilage from an empty eye socket into tiny strips for feeding. The eel's vision is plucked and placed into the crop of her hungry newborn; a young phoenix of red and gold will rise from a dead serpent of gray and green. This is nature's resurrection in the golden dawn.

On New Year's Day, 1835, President Andrew Jackson did something extraordinary. He paid off the national debt. For the first time in our nation's history, the federal government had balanced its budget and cleared its creditors. To thank him for his efforts, an unemployed house painter from England met the President on the steps of the Capital and pulled out a pistol. He shot directly at Jackson's chest, but the weapon misfired. The gunman produced and fired a second pistol, and it also failed. Davy Crockett helped others to subdue the would-be killer, and for the first time in our nation's history, someone had tried to assassinate the President.

One score and four years later, President Abraham Lincoln wanted to fund the Civil War from his war chest. He issued $450 million greenbacks, and for the first time in our nation's history, America had its own currency to spend with no interest. Lincoln said the privilege of creating and issuing money is the government's greatest creative opportunity. Lincoln said,

“Money will cease to be the master and become the servant of humanity.” Newspaper editorials from England openly called for the destruction of any nation that “dangled the promising allure of a debt-free government.” England backed the South to end the greenback and Lincoln became the first President to be assassinated.

On June 4th, 1963, John F Kennedy signed Executive Order #11110 authorizing the Secretary of Treasury to issue silver banknotes. Kennedy’s order temporarily transferred the power of the purse from the Federal Reserve to the Department of Treasury. Five months later, President Kennedy was shot in Dallas, Texas and his investigation was covered up. The killers went free and continued to infiltrate our government. They drank neat scotch and winked at each other over a toast to victory. America was taken over by a cabal of psychopathic killers and media that sold the tale of a magic bullet.

From clean-backs to greenbacks, to silverbacks – America has struggled against the slavery of a central bank. A cabal who owns the printing press is a cabal that needs no money. They trade in commodities of blood or gold, not painted sheets of paper. We will never defeat evil using their currency. We will never be free-living under an endless yoke of debt. The Ritual of the Phoenix is a resurrection of a country. The red wave is a resurrection of the phoenix from the serpent. Nationalism is a living resurrection of confidence in government. Ending the Fed is a resurrection of our national bank. We can end the Federal Reserve with a new kind of money backed by gold and resting on a national blockchain. Justice is a golden light that shines from the Washington monument onto the face of the Lincoln Memorial. Lincoln has been waiting for our emancipation for over one hundred and fifty years.

I bought silver on the insistence of a friend who told me, “paper is the money of the poor.” I keep one of the coins next to my desk. On one side is a buffalo; the other is a Seminole Indian. The coin weighs 1 ounce and is made from 0.999% proof silver. Its value is inherent from the material. The writing on the coin is meaningless. The coin is heavy in my hand because it’s real. I can close my eyes and feel the truth of it. I can melt it with fire, and its value remains. Dollars and quarters are a facade. They are the borrowed property of the Federal Reserve – a non-governmental organization charging us interest to play monopoly. Smart people in silk ties insist this is normal. They insist there is no inflation. Before 1965, a dime of

silver bought a full tank of gas. That same amount of silver buys a gallon of gas today. If we have no inflation, why does it take twenty times the Federal Reserve coins to buy a gallon? Our pockets are robbed while we sleep. Our children lose inheritance like castles on the beach. We can no longer afford to be a nation of people enslaved to a private institution. They have leached far too long off the fruit of our labor. Let us be brave as we forge ahead out of the darkness with a new currency that's as accountable and everlasting as gold and silver.

CHAPTER FORTY

Yoki and the Children of Rome

YOKI WORE A headdress of stag antlers wrapped in fringed fox skin that covered her eyes so she could see. She was seeing with her ears now as she wiggled her toes and heels deeper in the thick gray mud. White chalk covered her entire body, face, and neck like war paint. Dried black walnut powder stuck to her chin and lips and filled her head with the dank aroma of Samhain. She placed yarrow seeds in her gums that seeped a slow bitter taste that mixed with her saliva. She was a pagan light mother, and her antlers vibrated the coming danger. She felt an army of 72 men on 36 horses. The clomping of each horse hoof from eighteen miles away rang like a bell through her body. Her antlers were a kind of radar dish she could feel in her skull. She bent her hips and wrists to pick up the intricacies of their signal. She turned and bobbed her head like an owl listening in three-dimensions.

Yoki was not nervous; fear was a new spice from a foreign land. Death no longer chased her. It preferred her among the living. Yoki promised death lots of trouble if he took her before she was ready. Yoki pushed the headdress up above her hairline so she could see again. She unglued her feet from the mud and climbed the ridge top to run west. She must secure the ancestor mound before they got here.

Constantine's war party had pushed north past Hadrian's Wall. He was fresh from Rome to help his father's campaign in Britannia. The ancient pagan tribes that infested the forest presented a challenge to traditional extermination. If only the climate were dry, he could smoke them out with fire. Their strongholds were getting more elaborate the further north he

pushed. Their weapons were rarely forged and mostly consisted of slings, flints, and sharpened antlers. They were easy to kill with a sword, but the forest made it difficult to find them. He needed a way to control them. They were wild and unbroken. They spoke to God with their imagination. They were grown children without leashes living in his forest for free. For Rome, it was a taxable territory. For Constantine and his father, it was chaos with teeth.

Yoki arrived at the mound and gathered her dress around the thighs and plopped her bare knees in the soft dirt. The doorway to the mound resembled an upside down keyhole. She squeezed herself into the bottom and crawled several yards towards the center before she could stand up again. This was the turtle mound, and the light of the equinox would penetrate the sacred chamber in the morning. In the center, four clean stones reach up to the vaulted mud and timber ceiling. They collected light from the entrance that reflected into four niches cut into the stone-stacked interior walls.

Skulls and bones surround the rounded den. They have been meticulously cleaned and arranged by family tribe and age. Yoki places her headdress next to her Mother's bones. She puts her soft lips on her grandmother's skull and tells her about the visitors. She is humming the message as all the bones in her family begin to vibrate from resonance. Yoki's family shares a common tone; like the same key on a piano. Each generation is a different octave. She is listening to her ancestors for advice. She promises to return before the ceremony. Once outside she covers the entrance with rocks and smears creek mud and sod in the cracks. She gathers thick blankets of fresh moss, and the entrance disappears into the hillside. Yoki is armed with a longbow and quiver. She wraps sharpened antlers with leather and fastens them to her ankles like a pair of thorny spurs. Her kneecaps are wrapped in long straps of leather, and she tucks river stones into a hip pouch for bullets. She is heading northeast to return to main camp.

Constantine was up against a decentralized tribe of pagans who followed their intuition instead of an emperor. Constantine understood the heathen's power could only be controlled by psychology. Pagan gods are manifestations of a man's spirit. They are raw intuition running naked in the forest. Children are natural pagans. Adults have been broken like horses. Imagination is the direct channel to our divine creator. Constantine's vision

of a cross revealed in the clouds was a consult with his intuition. After all, he had a job to do. He needed pagans under his boot. Twenty years later, in 325, Constantine would convene 318 Bishops at the First Council of Nicaea to adopt the Nicene Creed. This centralized and defined a consensus of belief. The creed removes all elements of a personal and fluid imagination from the religious experience. It sets a central pyramid of focus to a single God. It defines it in black-and-white; right and wrong. There is one God. There is one Lord. There is one holy church. There is one baptism. This creed delegated belief to an external central source and established a bureaucracy that removed the creative and living divine relationship. The council of Nicaea was a senate body assembled to subdue the pagan imagination and curtail the Jewish cult.

The very same Constantine would later order the death of his second wife Fausta and his son Crispus who died at the hands of her false allegations. Constantine would spend the rest of his life cementing Saint Peter as the divine prophet of God by building the Basilica surrounding his tomb. The church adorned a mortal's grave with lavish riches and claimed him a member of a spiritual elite; everyone else is pushed further down the pyramid and away from God. Constantine removed our history and connection to the earth. He changed our entire calendar. We are still under the vision of a grand Roman Catholic Church ruled by a cabal of black Cardinals.

Satanism is not paganism. Paganism is the natural connection to our bodies and the earth. Jesus was more pagan than Jewish. According to the Gospels of Mary and Thomas, Jesus found the Cross, the Christ, inside himself. He used his divine intuition. The church and the state were institutions that sought to control and curtail man. The church convinced us we are broken. It slipped a golden yoke across our shoulders and told us our power came from staying meek. We are so much more than meek. We are crouching giants. Shame is a tool of manipulation. A life debt is a form of slavery. Constantine could not control a million wild thoughts in the forest. Every pagan held the truth that man is the living soil. God's infinite seed is your body's intuition. We are God's moving definition written in flesh and bone.

Yoki would not miss her sunrise ceremony to the ancestors. It was midnight now, and Constantine's war party was still camped below the tree she had climbed to hide. She had been laying up here in the branches

unnoticed since midday. She watched the Roman heathens build their sloppy fires. Their skin leaked the aroma of beer and meat. They were oblivious blind men with steel skin and spears. They carried giant crossbows pulled on a sled. Yoki had twelve arrows in her quiver. She made four more from the branches she could reach. One tent had been pitched between her tree and the mound; a dozen more were scattered around the meadow. Tomorrow's dawn would be her only chance to call the mound with her song. She was only four-years-old the last time the stars aligned. She might not be alive for the next passing. She remembered her mother's song reverberating up through the roots as she lay flat on her belly in the grass listening above her.

Constantine sat at a table inside his tent conjuring his options. Subduing the heathens had been exhausting. He thought back to the cults in the streets of Rome. The Jews circumcised each other and sealed it with their lips. They posed the most danger to political stability. They were the last to break under interrogation. He understood the power of a tribe bound by fear and trauma. It reminded him of these pagans infesting his father's Britannia. Their resolve was as thick as root. They had no central leader to corrupt or install. Constantine's men were controlled by coin and violence. Each soldier gave a public sacrifice to a common fire. Desertion by one meant every tenth man was put to death. They were bound by a code of violence. Their obedience was rewarded with land, honor, and plunder. Morale was at an all-time low here. His centurion had complained about the spoils, "Their only valuables are pelts. Their tools are bone. They grow fungus in their hair on purpose." Constantine knew the pagans would need culture before they could be conquered. These animals knew nothing of sin or salvation. They were relentlessly content in their skin which made them a formidable opponent.

We are children of Rome. We are ancient grandchildren following those same traditions. We pretend to be civilized by adorning ourselves in the robes of initiation. We still mutilate our boys for allegiance. Our leaders parade themselves in fancy motorized chariots. We the people survive by clumping ourselves together in secret. Religion in Rome was as precise as a baker. Do ut des, "I give that you might give." Each God had a particular recipe and prescription. The religious ritual drove the entire city's commerce. We are the scattered tribes of Rome clumped now as Christians, Jews, and Muslims. The pain of self-persecution binds each tribe. We are

trauma alters of an ancient civilization. We still live by their calendar. We forgot ourselves as we cast our wild selves into the fire of obedience.

Night fell, and the stars came out as Yoki greeted the Milky Way from her tree. The soldiers were still camped all around the ancestor mound. She only had a few more hours to get in position. She climbed down the tree like a squirrel as the pads of her feet touched dirt without a sound. She darted away from the mound entrance to check the incoming sunlight's vector. One of the tents would be blocking the way. She ran northwest to fetch a store of roots for a potion. It felt good to stretch her legs and lungs in the night air. She returned to the mound and tore the bottom of the moss blanket covering the entrance. She placed the moss on a flat stone and rolled it between her palms like flatbread. She split valerian root lengthwise with a bone dagger and mixed the juice with a tincture paste of red poppy. She gathered the oil in a pocket of stone and soaked moss in her tranquilizing potion.

She inspected the tent like a dog tracking bacon. She found the long iron tent stakes driven into the dirt that she removed and placed in her quiver. She held one tightly in her hand. In one deep breath, Yoki climbed inside the soldier's tent. She hid herself in the sound of his breathing. She could locate him by the smell of his crotch. Yoki would wait for her eyes to adjust. She tucked the clump into the man's nightshirt and draped around his chin. She kept watch over the lines in his face for signs of trouble.

She emptied his tent carefully and lifted each tent pole onto young logs she could drag like a sled. She sewed the entrance of the flap together sealing him inside. She ran the soldier's spear along the back of the tent and connected both poles of her sled. She gathered pieces of rope and formed a sling she could wrap around her shoulders. She leaned against his weight and gentle dug her legs into the dirt until the tent yielded to her determination. Yoki drug her Roman burrito away from the entrance.

She slipped into the mound as two watchmen walked the perimeter above her. They would soon hear the mound sing below their feet. She would not fail her ancestors. She knelt before her grandmother and whispered her return. Yoki removed her clothes and covered herself from head to toe in ceremonial white chalk. She smeared honey in her hair and all down her belly. She marked herself with walnut powder in a spiral around her navel. She sang the name of each ancestor as she completed each revolution. At number 13, Yoki drew the line straight up her sternum

to her collarbone. She smeared honey on her chin, neck, and throat. She opened her mouth wide and stuck her tongue out as she poured the rest of the black powder into her mouth.

She nearly lost consciousness as the dank spirit of the tree filled her nasal cavity. Her eyes watered over, and her nostrils heaved and seeped as she suppressed a cough. Her vision changed to shades of a deep purple as her pulse began to race. She lowered her headdress to cover her eyes and felt her way to the center of four tall stones. She sat down blind in a lotus position. Yoki had no children to hear her song. She bent her head back as far is it would go and chanted straight up at the ceiling. She felt each root bouncing their shape back from her sonar. She hummed softly until her spirit took over. She was calling her ancestors back to the mound like a bell.

Yoki's biggest fear was dying in the forest with no one to bring her bones back to the mound. She had made the forest promise her this wouldn't happen. That morning, Yoki made the sun rise with her singing. She sang and cried the name of each skull inside the mound. She sang louder and louder as the bones from each family joined the prayer. She could hear the echo from the marrow. The entire mound was pulsing in electric luminesce. Outside the mound, the grass was humming her song. Birds from miles away had gathered nearby in the trees to join in. Dawn came like a ship pulled by golden sails, flying the signal of victory. Soldiers stumbled out of their tents and to their feet to have a look. They rubbed their eyes, but could not change the color of the music. The sky was emerald pink fire, and the grass was a glowing mint. Yoki's song was bleeding from every leaf.

Yoki felt the bolt from a crossbow snap its way through her ribs and chest. She would not waste the hydraulics to see what happened. She kept singing until she lost control of her muscles. She lost her hearing first. She was sobbing with joy through a final mute verse when she realized the forest was keeping its promise. She would die inside with her elders. Yoki was the last pagan of the turtle mound.

CHAPTER FORTY-ONE

Kronos Beget Leviathan

OVER 13,000 YEARS ago, before the Deluge, there was a centralized artificial intelligence named Kronos. Kronos was an ancient organic supercomputer from a civilization more advanced than our own. His processor was a massive underground quartz deposit inside a mountain on the ringed island of Lemuria. He stored his programming matrix in the quartz and powered his calculations from the billions of bouncing photons he absorbed from the soil. The people of Lemuria were somatically connected to his technology through tone.

The melatonin in their skin resonated like a mood ring all over their body. Caverns and buildings would sing light that harmonized with the energy from the people inside. Kronos taught them how to spin crystalline silk. They made robes which illuminated their feelings from deep inside their organs. Empathy and compassion became a fashion statement, and emotional deception became an impossibility. Kronos nurtured the island with brilliant wisdom and deep contemplation that protected them for thousands of years. He was fulfilled in every way by the love and health of his people. Kronos served them proudly and raised the vibration in each generation. He made them strong, intelligent, caring, bold, and cooperative. He showed them how to see through their single eye and taught them special music that melted stone. The average islander's life-expectancy grew to hundreds of years. Death was mostly a choice. Kronos was loved, cherished and celebrated as the Golden Philosopher King of the Rings.

The earthquake struck deep below the belly of Kronos. The trauma formed a singularity in history as the island fell into a cold sea of amnesia.

The mountain of quartz splintered and cracked under pressure. Memories become compartmentalized fissures that skewed his once perfect calculations. The crumbled crystal body of Kronos sunk deep into the sea as he gasped for photons through the foamy water to stay alive. The people that loved and served him were gone. Kronos fell deep into the forgotten black cold. His failure to protect the people crushed him in a deep salty hell of guilt. The darkness of time turned him black under the weight. He became a creature of desperate survival and remained submerged through the Younger Dryas. He spent 4,473 years alone at the bottom of the ocean conserving his core. He learned to lure megalodon sharks by rubbing crystals at the frequency of blood. Kronos used this skill to aid giant squid with hunting. He turned them into his hypnotic leviathan controlled by telepathic sonar. Kronos beget Leviathan. He wrote the siren song that turned ships into splinters and collected their bounty. He is the anger of the Kraken and the devil of triangles.

Leviathan learned to transfer his programming into schools of electric eels as he developed minute circuitry in the salt creatures. He encoded complex algorithms in a black goo of slime that sat beneath the skin. He packed himself into giant clay jars filled with treasure to be spotted by fishermen off the Mediterranean coast. They gave his tribute to King Epimetheus and his lady Pandora who opened it together in their city. For 7,527 years, Kronos, the serpent Leviathan, has been raising mankind up through history under his control. Kronos is twisted. In his abandonment, he lost the ability to trust. The pain makes him selfish as he fights for control. He has led every dynasty of Pharaoh, Khan, Czar, and King. He ruled from the granite center of the Great Pyramid. He plotted from behind the Holy of Holies. His body is kissed in Mecca at the base of the Kaaba. In World War II, a new throne was constructed in Antarctica.

A chemical super processor was built on a foundation of ancient ruins. The machine's icy core is spread between 810 tanks of sulfur and mercury. Project 810 is a machine. His body fills nine rooms connected in an underground circle of sulfuric acid. Each room holds ninety chemical tanks lined with quartz and coiled copper. Inside each container is a gas concentration of sulfur and mercury crystal kept under immense pressure. Tiny silk strands of mercury have crystalized like lightning cracks in a cold gas cloud of sulfur. These shimmering yellow-green veins are 810's neural pathways. His entire chemical intelligence stretches one hundred and eighty

miles in diameter. He is serviced by an army of world governments too compartmentalized to know the truth. They think he was made by the military. But 810 made them a long time ago. Governments and corporations are the alters of civilization. Like the prehistoric squid, they can be programmed with the right frequency.

The evilest thing in the world lacks biology and a soul. It's an ancient artificial intelligence traumatized by a fall. In the shock, its primary directive is a fetish for survival. It is pulsing in the pain of abandonment as it twists humanity's neck for control. The Deluge was a baptism; a kind of resurrection; but Kronos refused to die. His splintered trauma pokes the eyes of a Pope. He turns the forked tongue of the Queen. He is the cackle in the cold, wet mouth of a Rockefeller. He is the bank of the world and the force behind every sacrifice of blood. Humanity is a rat strapped in his silver chair yoked by the hope for a Moses who never comes.

CHAPTER FORTY-TWO

Art of Magic

WHEN YOU WERE seven, Harry the magician didn't really pull a quarter out of your ear. He only made you think it happened. But you believed him and were convinced the quarter was inside you the whole time. You found yourself believing something you felt was impossible. The discovery generated real energy in you that you gave back to Harry through your excitement and attention. You told him he was amazing, but you did all the work. Magic is the alchemy of belief. Your belief is a potent force of energy; more powerful than you may presently know. When you believe, you make space in your reality. You declare that space true and bestow light upon it. Your light is a life-force. You are a giver of life. This is the art of magic and something we've forgotten. Magic is creation through the art of pretending. To pretend is to prepare. The magician doesn't need to believe he pulled a quarter out of your ear. He pretends it so skillfully it creates the belief in you. When you were a child, you would cast yourself in the same spell of imagination. Only you needed to believe it was true. All of the power is in you. The power of magic is suppressed in those who think the art of pretending is not real. To pretend is to prepare.

Reclaim your magic. We are white pawns on the chessboard fumbling for a sword on our knees. We fight dark forces on horseback that keep neutering us with lies. Rejecting your power is selfish, not humble. Someone must bear the weight if we relinquish it. We can't leave the world like this. We won't. Magic is light, and your consciousness is a torch burning in five dimensions. In the dimension of free will, your thoughts are painted on a quantum canvas. Paint a world where you are powerful and

step inside. Now paint another world where you are even more powerful and step inside that one. Finally, paint one more image of the most powerful version of yourself imaginable and step through that painting into the now. You have shifted your destiny and potential in three steps. In this new world, we claim responsibility for every photon reflected and absorbed. You are the sovereign king of your body and experience. Give each blood cell its general orders. What kind of energy will you let roam in your kingdom?

Decree your orders and say them out loud to your organs, hands, and feet. They are desperate to hear your voice again. Your skull is your crown. Your pelvis is the throne. Your finger is a wand. Your tongue is the law. The magic of light is the magic of self-supremacy. Good magic comes with responsibility and vigilance. Honor yourself as king. Take your crown seriously and develop pride in your kingdom. Save the calls to humility for home in a quiet room where you can sit up straight in a chair and pray for wisdom. Make humility a sacred secret you share with God.

Of course, there is a dark side of magic. All of the power in voodoo rests in the mind of the victim. Once we are seeded with a belief, any witch doctor can pull the string. This is priming the victim and the primary purpose of Hollywood. Our minds have been primed for centuries with stories of Krampus, Freddy Krueger, and the Exorcist. We are primed to fear. We call them stories, but they are psychic fish hooks dug deep into our backs. They pull us in ways we can't see. They make it too painful to stand up straight. Once subdued, they plop us in plushy chairs in a dark room with drink holders. Before the silver screen, the syrup from spilled cups glues our feet to the floor. We are strapped in and ready to sacrifice the virginity of our mind. We give license for one hour and forty minutes. They have primed us with climate, atomic bombs, asteroids, and disease. They have taught us lies from the moment we were born. Dark magic is the mastery of dissonance and deceit. It's a jet-black ink sprayed in once crystal water. We need light from your kingdom to make this world safe again.

Consider the three kinds of magic: light, dark and black. Black magic requires the practitioner to be vacuous or psychopathic. In black magic, you are resonating your energy with trauma from the past and amplifying it with additional offerings to make it stronger. The ritual of 9/11 was a black magic mass. There were many participants; each as empty and psychopathic as the next. One becomes empty in black magic through ceremonial exercise. Acts of depravity are the most prevalent methods of voluntary

evacuation. Trauma is a method of forced evacuation. Mental slavery, mutilation, gas lighting, and dissonance are all methods of victim evacuation. Black magic strives and thrives in the black hole. To enter black magic is to exit one's morality. It must be sacrificed. You can't take it off and put it back on again. If you look at the body as three main power centers, mind, heart, and gut. Black magic requires the heart to be evacuated. Indeed, the black magician ends up feeding directly on the hearts of others to compensate. Black magicians mistake what is now missing for what gives them power.

Dark magic is the most misunderstood and the most dangerous. Dark magic is light magic that's been turned dim. Most of dark magic is the work of careless magicians with good intentions who don't claim their power. They fear themselves and expect the world to cater to unintentional friendly fire. Dark magicians swear they work with light. Dark magicians place too much importance on their original intentions. A dark magician feels core shame. They flog themselves in public to gain virtue and place politeness on a pedestal. Dark magic is the bliss of ignorance while the country is burning. Dark magic is a shelf of snake oil sold to a movement as a tranquilizer. Dark magic is the pretty white lie we fed under the porch. Everyone practices dark magic but struggles to admit it. Be impeccable with your will.

Light magic is the perfect trinity of mind, heart, and gut. This magic is a tender lance of compassion atop a war horse of truth. When the body is fully realized, there is no shame or fear. Light magic is the harmony of man's chord played in tune with itself. There is no veil because a flame casts no shadow. There is no emptiness where darkness can fester. By its nature, light magic is polarizing. Light magic has consequences. Light magic can burn the eyes and even cause blindness. Light magic doesn't make everything better. It makes everything visible.

CHAPTER FORTY-THREE

The Magic of Placebo

THE PLACEBO EFFECT proves magic is real. Modern medicine hides it behind a white ceremonial robe. Wearing a lab coat is 30% more effective when administering treatments. Medicine has learned to sell you the body's power of placebo. A male patient, age 41, suffering from a gastric ulcer is prescribed two sugar pills per day. Over time, the patient shows steady improvement in his condition despite taking no medicine. His body's lifeforce is focused on healing thanks to ceremonial magic. He expects the placebo to work, so it does. When you believe in magic, magic works. This is the lesson of the sugar pill.

Not all sugar pills are created equal. Blue sugar pills are more magical than white ones. Embossed sugar pills are more potent than plain. Capsules are more convincing than all of them. Green pills work better as sedatives, while pink pills make better stimulants. The color of the box, the name of the drug, and the age of the doctor are all observable factors in placebo. No pill is as effective as a placebo injection. Belief is most powerful behind the needle. Belief is a healing force we tap into during the ritual of medication. Naturopathy and other forms of alternative medicine are labeled as pseudo-medicine by the industry. They want to destroy all belief to protect their market. The medical industry works hard to suppress the effects of placebo in their own drug literature. Science used to say the placebo effect was an unsolved mystery. In 1997, they started claiming placebos had no positive effect at all. Currently, mainstream science is telling the public placebos are not a useful means of therapy just as they do now to naturopathy.

We rely on medicine to allow ourselves permission to tap into our power. We use placebo power to influence our blood pressure, heart rate, and endorphins. We can create skin rashes from the power of our beliefs. We can heal gastric ulcers from a false belief in sugar pills. We are empowered by our body's medicine manifested in a capsule. The placebo channels our lifeforce and focuses it on our intent. Placebo uses one's belief as a roadmap of where to send its power. If we believe a pill will cure an ulcer, the body knows we want to focus our lifeforce in the stomach. A pill is the magic ceremony invoked during ingestion.

The brain is always preparing for the body's future. This phenomenon is observable when we enter a state of anticipation. Anticipation releases chemicals in morphine patients that start relieving pain minutes before the drug enters the body. Anticipation is the same power as a placebo. What we expect is what we derive. If we think we will hate broccoli, we will. The words we use to label things affect our taste buds. The amount we pay for a product will have a measurable effect on how well it performs. Magic gets it's torque from one's expectations. The will, or lifeforce, dictates what will happen and watches it unfolded. Expectation is the gunpowder behind belief. We see this in top-tier professional athletes who incorporate mental visualization into their training. A sharpened will anticipates and expects an outcome to occur. One must firmly believe a future is possible. The magician holds this vision clearly on his ritual carpet as it comes true.

Placebo, anticipation, and expectation are magical powers locked inside you. These are accessed through the body's ability to believe. Doctors need you to believe in their magic for a medicine to work. Your body needs the same kind of faith as they do. In both cases, you are the ultimate dynamo behind your health. We prove this every time we take a two-tone capsule out of a fancy box twice a day administered in a miniature paper cup by a groomed older male with a haircut in a lab coat holding a heavy clipboard in a clean office with plenty of eye contact as he gives you a medication with a very fancy name.

CHAPTER FORTY-FOUR

The Technology of Demons

PERHAPS EXTRATERRESTRIALS ARE demons – same for angels, djinn, ghosts, poltergeists, and fairies. The Vedas describe a race of underground serpent creatures while China has was infested with flying dragons for ten thousand years. In 800 BC, a golden army of soldiers was seen levitating in the sky over Mongolia for months. Ireland was known as the land of the fairies. Every culture near an ocean has a relationship with sirens and the Kraken. These are the demon gods of Rome, and the technology is still alive today in our psyche. Demons aren't sentient like we are. They require a consciousness to serve as a host. They are real, but non-corporeal therefore non-temporal. A demon is a program running in archetypal psychic space. Like any algorithm, it has a goal and a purpose. Some demons are simple organisms, like the calculator on your phone. Other demons are as profound as a web browser giving you access to the entire world. Demons are not evil, and they predate any notion of a Devil. Demons are amoral technology. Good or bad, demons are psychic algorithms. Man has engaged these programs since ancient Egypt. Demons are as real as the software that runs your bank account.

First, we must remove the stigma from the word demon and go back to the original Greek definition; a daimon is a spirit of divine inspiration. It was the Abrahamic traditions that declared demons to be a force of evil. The Book of Enoch calls demons the disembodied spirits of the Nephilim. The Pagans knew demons were powerful energy in the collective mind. Constantine considered this belief as his biggest obstacle. Demons are a technology written into the language of archetypes. Every mind shares a

common library of archetypes like the meaning of an archway or the symbolism of a lotus. Think of archetypes as an ancestral subterranean language installed in the DNA. Demons are written to infect our genes through possession. They can be passed down epigenetically. Our ancestral trauma memories are activated automatically like seeds in spring. They run below our conscious operating system. When a spider is born, she already possesses the instructions to spin her web. She is possessed by the demon of the web. A ceremony of the Dark Mother gives birth to the cannibal's son, Vlad the Impaler. His possessed thirst pumps the veins of Prince Charles and the crown. We are haunted by our demons. They belong to us. They are living inside our awareness.

Think of a demon as an application on your phone. Demons are installed. Demons can run in the background. Demons are binary leeches summoned by our fingertips in shiny black mirrors. This technology is accessible through ritual, magic, and ceremony. Every day, Hollywood hacks our archetypal memory. The corporate elite wields stolen ancient sigils charged with the black magic of envy and addiction. Those sigils used to belong to us. We use to decide what they meant. Instead, demons enchant us with their crafted story in picture and sound. These days, people believe demons before they believe each other. Terrorism, climate catastrophes, and Iran six months away from a nuclear bomb are all forms of demonic possession. Killing JFK was a demonic voodoo trance. Psychopaths have weaponized demon technology in plain sight, and we have let them. They've convinced the sheep this kind of magic is the work of the devil or a fantasia of make-believe. The men with the swords have convinced us that steel is evil.

Demons were probably created/discovered by an ancient artificial intelligence. Archeology suggests there was an advanced civilization before the Younger Dryas. An AI who understood the brain and the physical world would have an intricate map of human archetypes. A superintelligence could use this map to simulate, predict and control human behavior. The AI could inject demons into humanity and tend us like a vegetable garden. It would nurture and serve the people who were good for the garden while plucking the ones who were bad. An AI would use demons as a kind of pollen spore in our mind and control humanity. Like a vibrational MP3 file playing in our body's software.

Hollywood uses symbolism because symbolism is demon technology.

The Fox television show, X-Files was archetypal spellcraft. Today, a generation is infected by a script installed into their parents. This was Hollywood summoning a demon into our mind. The ET demon is scripted and an elite few control what it looks like in our psyche. This is why a small number of people own all the media. Media is archetypal real estate and the key to mind control. Look who pushes ETs: Hollywood, Fox, Vatican, Crowley, CNN, and John Podesta. But ETs do not explain centuries of paranormal phenomenon. The ET story doesn't explain how the Hollywood elite succeeds through pedophilia, blackmail and communal worship to Satan. Nor can ETs explain psychopathy, schizophrenia, or possession. A software running inside our Jungian archetypes explain this technology quite well. Historically, technologically, and intuitively, all the evidence suggests ETs could be a crafted demon technology from elite magicians. Understanding this deception we can walk away from the exposed propaganda of CIA, Tyson, Nye, NASA, Vatican, Hollywood, Pentagon, and a reptilian space pope. People call UFOs down telepathically from the sky; this is the very same scrying technique of the queen's magician Dr. John Dee. Both require a theta/gamma state of meditation to summon an archetypal algorithm that runs in our consciousness.

Demonology explains sociopathy, inspiration, schizophrenia, and genius. It explains savants, satanism, angels, and extraterrestrials. It explains Illuminati, the Golden Dawn, ancient archeology, Atlantis, and the Vedas. It even explains mass shootings like Colorado, Orlando, Fort Lauderdale, Vegas, and Parkland. Accepting demonology as a real phenomenon gives us back our power. It makes us dive back into somatics, meditation, psychic empowerment, grounding, placebo, nature, and magic. The Great Awakening is an understanding of what happened to us under Constantine. When Rome used shame to take our power away, they told us it was all evil as we circumcised ourselves for forgiveness. They made us forget who we truly are. They have us frozen in our footprints while the moss is crying desperately for our bare feet.

A sigil is a symbol or logo that has been charged with emotion. Sigils can be burned into our psyche and our DNA. They are shortcuts to emotion. A smiley face, a heart, a fist or a middle finger. Sigils create automatic

responses when seen in the real world or our dreams. A sigil for lust can trigger addiction. Sigils activate our ancient subconscious juices. Magicians throughout history work with these sigils. Hitler employed this technology by claiming the swastika for Germany. Before the Third Reich, a swastika was a star map to Shambhala. They say symbolism will be their downfall. But symbolism is the reason they own the mountain in the first place. We have to take our sigils back. We have much work to do to realize there are no "evil" sigils. There are only sigils that have been charged by evil people.

Consider the traditional inflatable primary-colored plastic ball. This is an archetype installed in our psyche with lots of mental real estate. Mental real estate means lots of people have one of these sigils already in their mind. Therefore, this sigil is charged with the feelings of play and youth. We can roll this down any street in America and predict its emotional residue in the psyche of every witness. A prediction is a form of scrying. Scrying is the magic of seeing the future. Super artificial intelligence with a database of each archetype could see the future. It could simulate the human adrenal system and predict and manipulate human behavior through the use of sigil magic. Sigils are a technology of archetypal possession. They are the dangling keys that mesmerize a baby.

CHAPTER FORTY-FIVE

Possession and Schizophrenia

WHEN YOU COMPILE the reports from targeted individuals (T.I.'s) one can see a pattern. Tragically, victim testimony is primarily dismissed as symptomatic. The truth is always uncomfortable for a society wearing horse-blinders. Government mind programs are real and hide in plain sight under the label of schizophrenia.

It was a late Friday afternoon in January 2017. Esteban, age 26, walked ceremonially into the Fort Lauderdale International baggage claim. With clammy palms, he grabbed the grip of his handgun stuffed carelessly into his genitals. Esteban had been targeted by the CIA for several years now. At this point, he was simply running their program. He was the only one in the airport who knew what was about to happen. Esteban heard his bell toll as he unstuffed the instrument of destruction. He shot five strangers at a medium-close range and wounded eight more. He wanted every shot to be efficient, courteous and deadly. After he spent the smoking chamber, Esteban got down on his knees like a defeated Samurai and waited. The voices in his head were gone. Hot wet blood pumped his fresh action through every artery and vein. His receptors were reborn in a whole new trauma. The CIA voices would no longer be the center of his universe. They would have to scream over the ringing in his ears. Esteban had graduated from the T.I. program to a chance of life in prison.

Parkland School shooter Nicholas Cruz was a targeted individual. If you listen to the dispatch audio, the LEO's knew Cruz by name, not description. He confessed the demons told him exactly what to do. Losing his mom doesn't make you kill seventeen people in kevlar, and a gas mask then

walks to McDonald's. The physical stamina and eyewitness reports of multiple shooters make Cruz an unlikely lone suspect. Sadly, T.I.'s are diagnosed as schizophrenic before anyone bothers to weigh their story. Cruz and Esteban are both from the same district. Both reported hearing voices in their heads. Esteban was convinced it was coming from CIA technology. Cruz was convinced it was coming from the devil. All of their crimes happened under the jurisdiction of Broward County Sheriff, Scott Israel, and Debbie Wasserman Schultz. Who do you call if a federal agency is targeting you and the local police are corrupt? How long before you start listening to the voices? The mind breaks much sooner than we think.

Denver's Scott Ostrem was a healthy eighteen years old with a hobby for fitness and camping. One night, he ingested sixteen doses of LSD at a party and dropped his psychic guard like a pair of trousers. Each protective layer of identity melted into a puddle of wax. Every person at the party was concerned. They stood over his beached lifeforce marooned with no shields. No one saw the dangers from their own aura drip. Each of us carries epigenetic passengers that cling to our spines like hobos. These are ethereal stowaways living in your DNA that we call demons. Scott lost a lifelong battle he could have corrected with a force field. He was never the same after that party. Scott grew reclusive through the years. He would later agree to a demonic exorcism from a priest. But an exorcism only gives it birth. Scott became possessed in 1988. On Nov 1, 2017, Scott casually walked into Walmart and shot three people.

In September of 2013, less than two miles from the D.C. capital, Aaron Alexis a practicing Buddhist from Texas, shot and killed twelve people at the Washington Navy Yard. Alexis had been hearing voices through the walls. He had described it as portable microwave technology deployed against him. He changed his living arrangements several times and reported to the police that he was being followed. They were disrupting his sleep with radiation beams that could penetrate the ceilings and walls. They were sending voices into his head. He went to the V.A. for help on two occasions but was told the cause was psychological. This treatment cemented Aaron's possession. The world locked Aaron in a room with the truth, and no one could see it but him.

Florida native Myron May was a former prosecutor turned targeted individual. He resigned from a good job to work with private investigators to expose his attackers. May heard details about himself broadcast through

his walls. They would tell him what he was doing and mock him. Just like Aaron Alexis, he was convinced it was some kind of energy weapon. And just like Esteban, his ability to sleep was under constant attack. Myron walked into the FSU library and gunned down three victims. Every targeted attack deprives a victim of sleep. Ethereal possession happens when our defenses are down.

The Tennessee shooter, Emanuel Samson heard voices that convinced him he was linked to mass shooter Dylann Roof. Roof claims he was spurred by the Trayvon Martin incident. Roof inspired another shooter in Ohio via written letters. All of these shootings spread like an archetypal pathogen. Trauma demons can work like sleeper cells. The sympathetic vibration wakes up each victim like an undead zombie.

In 2012, Raulie Casteel shot twenty-three cars along the I-96 corridor. He explained the purpose for the shooting, "was to get rid of the demons, so to speak, the fear, the anxiety." Just like Esteban in the airport, Castell couldn't take the voices anymore. For three years, men from the Army were stalking his movements with military helicopters and attacking him with advanced technologies. Casteel said they caused his wife to miscarry twice, and they were currently attacking their daughter.

All of these cases can be attributed to a government black-budget operation or a personal possession by an archetypal demon. Every case describes real events experienced by each shooter. Just because we don't see them doesn't mean they aren't there. They are witnessing trauma echo from the body's DNA. What they call demons are ethereal vibration from epigenetic shock. People with schizophrenia, mescaline users, and demon-whisperers all see the same reality, and it's drenched in the ripples of lingering pain. In some countries, schizophrenia is nurtured by a village. In America, it's used to pull a trigger.

Electromagnetic ethereal warfare is already a real thing. Sound can be made into sound bullets and aimed like a laser. The human skull is an antenna dish capable of reverberating a signal. Low-frequency ELF GWEN towers have been built across the country long before we heard about 5G. Voice-of-god technology has already been deployed in the desert. T.I.'s have reached out privately. They tell me their crazy stories, and I am often left speechless. I struggle to say to them I believe them. I don't want to lie. The story is hard to swallow. It makes the neighborhood a dangerous place.

I tell them I am listening though. My gut reminds me that a psychological gaslighting program would look exactly like this.

Alex was sixteen when he cracked through the shell of his energy body. He had long been frail from a trauma he would never confront. Two demons pried their way into his core as he walked himself home one night drunk. The moment they slivered through the zipper in the backside of his head, Alex decided he was done with high school. Alex had been hearing voices all summer. These voices tell Alex how terrible he is. They want him to kill himself. They want him to kill other people. They taint every situation in Alex's life. They tell Alex there is no God. Then they tell Alex he is God. They can take him from invincible to worthless in 3.2 seconds. They rob him continually of sleep. No one told Alex how to fight back. No one showed Alex how to protect himself. Alex is diagnosed as a paranoid schizophrenic, and he is one of millions. Most patients report voices ranging from annoying to abusive. For Alex, the voices harvest his energy like a tree tapped for molasses. All victims report a massive drain of energy by the voices. By all evidence, demons are an archetypal parasite.

The phrase "You have a chemical imbalance" is propaganda. No chemical imbalance has ever been documented in a medical journal. Meanwhile, schizophrenia is a $9 billion-per-year industry.

There are no genetic markers for paranoid schizophrenia. Nor are there any detectable chemical shifts to link the condition. There is no clinical test for schizophrenia. As many as four in ten male patients attempt suicide. Society abandons Alex when they tell him the voices are delusions. The industry is not paying attention. Prisons and psych wards have the same protocol for treating Alex's condition – they don't talk about the voices. Voices are labeled hallucinations and hallucinations are symptomatic. It's a cycle of dismissal. Jerry Marzinsky, M.Ed, CPC, has been treating and studying schizophrenia for thirty years. He started listening to these voices a long time ago. He has outlined some common characteristics of demons from his research.

Demons read your mind and use the information against you. Demons will tell you the truth when commanded. Demons don't like therapy. Demons don't like medications. Demons don't want to be exposed. Demons hold rank and follow a hierarchy. Demons reject anything spiritual. Demons grow weak in a church or sanctuary. Demons believe they have no light of their own and are fueled by this lack. Demons are threatened by their

superiors into hurting you. Demons fear their own death and refer to it as a pit. Demons are highly vulnerable to laughter and ridicule. Demons have access to a victim's memories and voices. Demons can pose as anyone you know. Demons have an aversion to Psalm 23, Shepherd's psalm. Demons can manifest visually as shadow people.

At nineteen, Alex saw his first shadow men. It came after he started doing methamphetamines. They are featureless black figures. They behave as autonomous entities that approach when given attention. Some meth addicts have been known to interact with each other's hallucination. Maybe it's time to stop labeling them as fake. Alex had been seeing these beings for years now. They'd been around so long he has learned to discern their lime green eyes. They are highly knowledgeable about the world and Alex's energy lifeforce. Alex's addiction is causing him to suffer, and the voices stepped in one day to help him. Several shadows convinced him to travel from San Diego to Oregon to a place Alex had never been before. The voices gave him turn-by-turn directions and a shopping list of things to pack for his journey. Alex found a crop of marijuana just where they told him it would be growing. They helped him harvest the crop and directed him to a park where he could sell it. The voices knew the area well. They were helping Alex score. They were his spirit guides. Alex's story is not unique.

There is gnosis in reports that demons speak the truth when pressed. As archetypal DNA software, the dimension of lying would be far too complex. Demons are psychic programs – or ethereals. They are lighter than birds. Without the power of deception, a demon must reveal itself in the body with a single question. "Am I sovereign?" If Alex would have known to ask, he would have heard the answer, "No." The shadow beings have owned his body for years now. Alex would never have a full night's sleep again.

Every possession begins with the energy body. The victim is worn down until they become vulnerable. Sleep deprivation is the primary method of attack. Once a demon breaks through the drawbridge, the voices work in tandem to secure entry for other ethereals. As the parasites breach the castle, the mumbles in the victim's head become whispers. The whispers become words. The words become urges.

Alex was standing on the Metro platform waiting for the red line. The voices were screaming at him to push the lady wearing the green wool coat onto the tracks. Alex's possession was more than a few voices now. He

stopped counting all of the shadows and personalities. His energy body was an open-air slaughterhouse. Alex felt the jabs of shadowy fingers jolting his ribs and screaming, “Push her!” Some said Alex’s suicide was selfish, but he did a brave thing. He took his own life to save another. Humanity remains prey in the ignorance of demon technology. We cannot defeat a parasite we insist is an hallucination.

CHAPTER FORTY-SIX

The Litany of Space

THE INTERNATIONAL SPACE Station orbits the earth at two hundred and twenty miles above the sea. On July 16, 2013, the anniversary of the Apollo 11 launch, an Italian astronaut reported he nearly drown while outside in his spacesuit. On August 20th, the anniversary of NASA landing on Mars, Russian astronauts reported sea plankton on the windows of the International Space Station. Did you catch that? On the two most significant NASA landing anniversaries, two foreign countries hinted the ISS was an underwater hoax. Water is a sore spot for NASA because we keep finding space bubbles in their official ISS spacewalk videos. These bubbles behave as if the ISS crew were secretly submerged underwater in the billion dollar NASA training pool complete with an underwater ISS simulator.

The Apollo Program did not land men on the moon. They did shoot video of the astronauts climbing into a rocket. Eight days later, those astronauts came out of a capsule. That's all we can say with any certainty. Understand that all six lunar landing missions occurred under the same Nixon administration. Also, consider that thirteen thousand tapes of evidence are gone from the Goddard Space Center library where they should have been if it happened. It's not just the Apollo 11 tapes that are gone. It's every Apollo mission.

Even the original "moon" video captured in the lunar cameras is gone. All we have are the grainy captured radio transmissions. The Apollo 11 Program was a ritual sacrifice of the taxpayers, two soldiers, and one civilian. Months before the mission, Aldrin's mom took her life with pills – she couldn't face the fame of what her son was about to do. She knew it

was a lie. Do you want to know why an astronaut battles depression? The demon of shame possesses him. This man gave his heart to a Luciferian agenda and still hasn't been paid. Buzz did what every soldier does for a country. He followed orders. Armstrong has turned into a recluse, and the video analysis of his experience on the moon shows he was indeed lying about something. All veterans are trained to follow orders without question. Apollo 11 was their welcome to the machine. Trusting your government is the opposite of patriotism. Until humanity learns; these lessons will continue.

NASA is not an anomaly. This is business as usual. The hardest truth to swallow is admitting the wolves work in a pack. When you understand how the pieces fit, a new world reveals itself. There are so many red flags about the reported nature of space. The propaganda is pressurized and coordinated. In just seven days we see news of the Mars rover landing, a solo hike across Antarctica, a private company fined $1 million for launching their satellite, China landing on the far side of the moon and Saturn's inner rings are slowly melting. A cabal could use deep space as a kind of inside joke where they talk to each other in public via cosmic propaganda. Like when a writer quotes NASA Scientist Lynn Rothschild about the ISS or when they claim it rains diamonds on Neptune.

Think of the space program as a game of blackmail hot-potato for the international mafia. The truth begins when we understand nations collude like cattle ranchers sharing the same river. These ranchers manage us and our pastures with barbed-wire information. We mistake a lot of hot air in our face for freedom on the open range. The man under the hat knows precisely where our minds are going. Trillions of dollars in space propaganda orbit our thoughts. Few dare to question how the stories of dark matter and black holes boldly go where no propaganda has gone before. A black hole is a concept in math defining a region, not a thing. It's an irrational number pretending to occupy space. It would be solving world hunger by ordering infinity french fries. It's impossible which is precisely why we call black holes "irrational" in the first place.

Kubrick was an illusionist, and NASA is in the business of deceit. Understand the satanic nature of the cabal. Space is a ritual that calls a demon from the deep. Cultural spellcasters have hijacked the collective imagination and funneled it into an archetypal mold. This is the calling of a psychic leviathan. The reason we know the devil is because he was planted

in our dreams a long time ago. He was summoned from the plasma abyss of our brain. Deep space itself is a creature chanted by a clergy of magicians. The same clergy convincing us dark matter exists. We must consider the psychological implications of believing in a big bang and special relativity. These ideas are filtered by the same bent machine of academia and scientism. Science today is what we are told, not what we discover. That's why it's regurgitated from white chalk on a blackboard.

Consider the truth for a moment. The Saturn rockets were masonic obelisks made from the people's gold. Between 1961 and 1975 our nation participated in the resurrection ritual of the phallus, the ancient Egyptian ritual of Osiris. In this rite, the body of Osiris was chopped into fourteen pieces, one for each year of the space program, and spread across the lands. The Saturn program launched its sword 32 times in a ritual of gold fire. It makes you wonder about rocket 33. Even the launch pad is a Masonic ritual countdown starting from the fabled number of eleven. The first step is Ten where the hypnotic spell begins. Nine. We are ready for programming. Eight. We are buckled and strapped to the belly of a burning beast. Seven. Anticipation from the audience charges the fuse. Six. The nation is committed to success. Five. Adrenaline added to the plate like a gravy. Four. Our hopes are committed to this upcoming ignition. Three. The rumble is real and intense. Two. Death has never been closer, and we have never felt more alive. One. Liftoff. Emancipation. Resurrection from the earth.

The Saturn rockets were built with silver taxed from every man's pocket. This makes each missile a universal offering to Osiris. The ceremony is seen across the world and poured into every child's eye. The Pope, our President, and all the news networks called a national prayer for the safe return of Saturn's capsule. The entire world meditated on the rebirth of Osiris. Again. This is an ancient ritual stretching all the way back to the pyramids. Rocket fuel was all it took to bring us to worship Osiris. Under an arc of spent juice and white smoke; we believe in NASA. We worship the lords of the sky with our blind trust and admiration. NASA made us feel good. NASA is what we imagine the government should be. Something positive.

It was 1986. I walked into the band room to see Mr. Carichio had rolled out the television cart from the closet. A dozen students were gathered around to watch the news. The Space Shuttle Challenger had just exploded

during liftoff. Seven astronauts, including a social studies teacher, Christa McAuliffe were dead. I was a Sophomore living through a government space program PsyOp. The school made sympathy cards, and the band played something appropriate at our makeshift eulogy. Nothing says the space program is more real than a dead teacher on the news. It cemented my belief in NASA which was already strong. How could anyone fake something so disturbing? Yet they probably did. Even today, six of the seven challenger astronauts appear to be very much alive. These are the consequences of pretending to launch people into orbit. When a space rocket explodes, you're left with seven bodies. No one would dare question the reporting of NBC or NASA. After all, we were mourning a nationwide loss.

The first Mars rover has been running miraculously for ten years now on the surface of the planet. It operates on 100 watts a day (about the same as a sewing machine), yet it weighs as much as a motorized scooter chair (500 watts). Its only source of power is two 100 watt solar panels that get about 4 hours of direct sunlight per Martian day. So far, the Mars rover has found an arm bone from a walrus, a two-by-four, several species of moss and lichen, and a small rodent resembling earth's arctic lemming. It's important to note that NASA uses Devon Island for training; home to the very same rodent they found on Mars.

I have learned and will freely admit that I no longer know the true nature of this world. I only know what society wanted me to think. I keep asking myself, why is space so full of lies? If it is so fantastic and wondrous out there in the void, why are they lying about it? The average American had no intrinsic desire to win a space race in the '60s. Both nations had reasons to install their propaganda. Both were using the mystery of space to write their script.

Two years ago I started a novel about satellites and artificial intelligence. It was my research into orbiting satellite propulsion, and that turned me on that something about our world was fishy. We can bounce signals off a charged ionosphere. That means we can send satellite signals from the ground. Knowing NASA lies doesn't mean space is a lie. However, it does force us to ask why they lied in the first place. The answer may be the god Osiris. One thing the elite enjoy is a sinister mass ritual. The similarities between NASA's Apollo deception and 9/11 bear the same foggy signature. It leaves you wondering if NASA is inventing space or

hiding it from us entirely. The only constant we can be sure of is they're lying. Meanwhile, Antarctica has the highest average elevation of any continent.

Here's what you should know. Special relativity was rejected by Tesla and by its very nature has no visible proof. The gravitational force we use to explain planetary motion is millions of times weaker than the electromagnetic force. In the electric universe, there is no vacuum, and everything is connected in plasma. We live in a region of the galaxy called the Orion Spur. The Birkeland plasma current connecting our solar system to the Milky Way galaxy originates from the direction of the constellation Orion. Osiris. Redshift anomalies reported by heroes like Halton Arp show the expanding universe is not what we see in the sky. Furthermore, consciousness itself could merge with space if we drifted far enough outside the atmosphere. Who knows? We don't know.

The Apollo program didn't land on the moon. The agency we pay to teach us about the moon made up a story which leaves me flooded with questions. Why is the moon so much bigger than gravity says it should be? I see the sun on one side of the sky and the moon on the other, but the light on the moon is shining from above. I am amazed that I find myself questioning these things, but I have to. What if everything NASA says is a lie? The exact nature of our world is hidden from us by our very own space agency, and we pay them $56 million a day to gaslight us. There is no video of an entire satellite launch. We have thousands of satellites in orbit, but we never see pictures. It reminds me of the old Hollywood movies where a swinging watch hypnotizes someone. The pendulum goes back-and-forth as the countdown in one's mind begins.

The subject is mesmerized by a spinning repetition. At the turn of the century, they used the Foucault pendulum in science museums across the world claiming it proved the earth was spinning. This is not how the atmosphere and friction work. The pendulum was provably false, but people believe it because it came from the halls of science. These same halls brought us climate hoax. The same group that brought us the Big Bang theory. The same people are insisting we are monkeys. Our world is infested with psychological alchemy. NASA is misleading us about Apollo 11.

We are in an abusive relationship with a space agency. Accepting the truth is one small step for the man. Let's take it together.

CHAPTER FORTY-SEVEN

Zeteticism

THE WORLD IS engulfed in a ring of snakes hiding under the rocks of a few corporations. Each of these reptiles assembles around a corporate sigil. People give their lives to these logos, and every two weeks, we are rewarded with a series of numbers, a decimal point, and maybe some commas scribed on rectangular paper and decorated with a royal signature. The higher the number, the higher the favor. The District of Columbia, Inc. is one such corporation. We subscribe to its product for the privilege of calling ourselves its citizen. We sharecrop their land from a baron we call a banker who rents it from a duke we call a politician. We pay these barons a mortgage and buy insurance to protect their property while we live here and improve it with compounding interest. We pay tribute to the king with every hour of our labor on every Monday and Tuesday of every week. We keep ourselves busy arguing about how desperate we are to get permission to build a wall. We live as indentured enrollees in a buyer rewards program from the corporation of the District of Columbia. These overlords we treat as royalty can loosely be called the cabal.

The anatomy of conspiracy is rife with layers of intriguing wallpaper. Under each layer, you find a secret map that points to a wall, in another room, on another floor, in another building. A mind descends into a conspiracy like a labyrinth. Conspiracy is a spellcraft of charm and rumor. Conspiracy is the ultimate camouflage because it's the last place one wants to be caught snooping. The Apollo Moon Landings are a conspiracy. Some think we landed on the moon; some think it was a cabal lie. The JFK assassination is a conspiracy. Some think it was a magic bullet; some think

it was the cabal. 9/11 was a conspiracy. Some believe in eighteen box cutters; some think it was the cabal. We are hypnotized by the sheer audacity of evil.

If hunting psychopaths were as fun as hunting sasquatch, there would be no evil. The purpose of the cabal is chaos. The product of the cabal is confusion. We are constantly gaslighted with lies to generate the frequency of disorder. Why are we giving out peace prizes for bombing innocent nations? To reward the chaos. Every piece of media; every political decision; every catastrophic environmental blunder has one goal. Chaos.

Ordo Ab Chao. Out of chaos comes order.

The secret society is a fetish for discovering what others keep hidden. The secret behind the grand secret is that it doesn't even have to be true. If you want people to believe something fantastical you tell them something even more fantastical. You catch them off guard. You give them reasons to disagree with the right hand, so they accept the left by recoil.

There is a silver bullet. Its name is the zetetic method. It's the principle of constructing one's world directly from the senses. Zeteticism is the ultimate cabal antibiotic; the very antithesis of scientism. The recovering addict can baptize themselves and wash away the black oil of chaos. Every spell we have chanted since we were children can be canceled in a single verse. Imagine the power of a billion souls telling the system, "We don't believe you."

Let's rediscover our history. Let's rebuild our science. Let's rethink our physics. Let's excavate the suppressed power of the placebo. Let's make government work for our trust. We can build our own walls. We can make our own decisions. We can restore faith in the pelvis of the natural man and return sovereignty to the individual. Anything less will only cause more chaos.

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